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ANOTHER SPRING

Her promise was a solemn pledge of faith in the future

By . . .
KERMIT SHELBY

"Springtime and beauty go together," Gay told Carol laughingly.

WITH the shock of one who walks across the grave of his past, Carol allowed her uniformed escort to steer her towards the inn's red-and-white checkered tables. Gay chose the one with the white bowl of yellow jonquils.

"Not there." Carol turned quickly away. "Here by the window." The jonquils were like a sword thrust, poignant with association.

Another spring. Why should flowers bloom? she asked herself. Why?—while somewhere in the Pacific Dave's bones whitened beneath a twisted plane.

Gay hung up his flying instructor's cap. Tall, sunburned, white teeth flashing, he turned and captured the bowl of jonquils. With a gallant gesture he set them on the empty table before Carol. "Springtime and beauty go together," he said laughingly, stepping back to survey the effect.

Fighting the silent scream that rose inside, Carol dropped her bag. As he scrambled for it the thought came again. Perhaps there was some purpose in Gay's bringing her here? Something unplanned, bigger than themselves?

Gay flexed a long leg, swung it experimentally over a chair back. "See what a grand nurse you are? You never can tell it was busted. If it hadn't happened . . . You know, Carol, I like you even better in civilian clothes than I do in your nurse's uniform."

Soberly, Carol's eyes sought Gay's laughing blue ones. "Gay, why did you bring me here?"

Gay refused to be serious. "Fliers get hungry. They like a pretty girl beside them—"

"But why this particular place?"

"For one thing, all those what-you-call-its in the yard." Gay bent towards a flower, sniffing.

"Jonquils," Carol said, fighting the uncanny feel that her past was unwinding, that Dave was speaking to her again through Gay.

A year ago, in front of this very inn, Dave had said, "Look, Carol—jonquils! Shall we go in?"

Gay, the present suitor, was speaking: "It's the right setting for a proposal."

"Gay, need we go through that again?"

A year ago, at the table opposite, Dave had said, "I'd marry you, Carol, but I've no right to mess up your life. If I come back . . ."

She was remembering the promise she had made to Dave.

Gay, undaunted, was asking, "Had you rather accept me as an appetiser, or along with your coffee?"

"Gay, please—"

She was thinking, if I refuse him this time I will have formed a conditioned response to all proposals from now on. I'll go on hugging my grief, telling myself it's too early to make adjustments.

But I still love Dave! her heart cried.

"But, Carol—" Gay, very much alive, with yellow pollen on his nose, was for once serious. "The future must be lived with the living."

Carol spread her fingers on the red-and-white checkered table, in an attempt at fairness. "Gay," she said slowly, "I am really terribly fond of you. But it's like this . . ."

. . . . . .

It was cold, that Easter Sunday. Dave's breath had made steam as he opened the inn's dining-room door. "A log fire! How jolly." He steered her towards the table.

"This one." Impulsively, Carol stopped, bent over the bowl of jonquils, inhaling fragrance.

"We've got an hour," Dave said. His solemn eyes gazed intently into hers.

"Marry me, Dave," she begged. "Take me in your plane. Don't leave me to wander forever through ethery hospital corridors."

"I'd marry you, Carol, but I've no right to mess up your life. You're too pretty to be a war widow. If I come back—"

"Dave, don't talk like that. Of course you're coming back."

"Am I?" Dave's restless fingers reached forward, plucked one of the jonquils.

Watching minutely, Carol told herself, I must remember this, so that if—

If he doesn't come back, her subconscious mind finished for her. So you'll have the mental image, the snapshot.

Almost painfully her eyes fastened on the fingers, photographing details: He keeps his nails filed square. How does he keep the tips so white? I wonder.

Dave twirled the slim, green jonquil stem, then held it very still. The blossom quivered slightly, timed to his own pulsebeat.

"Most people are afraid to talk of death, Carol. I'm not afraid to." Dave's dark, troubled gaze probed deep into the heart of the jonquil, as if he would read the answer there. "We can't all go through war unscathed. Some have to die."

Dave, dearest, her soul and body cried out through silence. Dave, you are alive. Your hands could hold my face. Instead, they hold a silly blossom. Your lips could be on my lips. Instead, they speak of death.

She prayed: Take ten years off my life. Take twenty. But give me an added hour with Dave.

Across the table she could see the second hand on Dave's wrist-watch whirling, whirling away the time that Dave could give to her.

Dave was asking, "Carol, will you promise me something?"

"Anything, Dave."

"Even before I ask it?"

"Yes."

"Okay, then." Dave let go a sigh. "The thing I want is this: If I don't come back, promise me you'll marry someone else?"

She felt as if he had stabbed her. "Oh, but Dave! That's unfair. How could I, after—?"

Dave laid the flower against her hand. It was warm. Dave's dark eyes, solemn, unveiled his inner soul. "You can learn to love another, Carol, you can."

"I don't want to learn to love another." She thought, loving one is hurt enough.

"That is sheer feminine prejudice," Dave said . . . "Carol, why do you love me?"

"Why?" she thought. He knows he is not coming back.

Pear made her eyelids drop. "So many reasons, Dave. Because you're individual. Because you're you."

"But what specific thing?"

"I love your bravery. Your kindness. Your way of looking at life—"

"Exactly. You love traits. And every man has traits. Oh, each man a bit different from the other, perhaps. But all are mankind, made up of good and bad. And you find what you look for."

Dave turned his arm over, hiding the watch. But she could feel the second hand whirling, inside her mind. Time's passing, Dave.

"Look, Carol. Take these jonquils as an example. We enjoy looking at them, don't we?"

"Yes, but—"

"We enjoy them more, the two of us, than we either would singly, or alone, don't we?"

"Yes."

"That's what I mean by all life. Color, sight, sound, taste, beauty—shared. That's the way life was meant to be lived. Not alone, Carol, I couldn't bear it, wherever I was, if you were lonely, if you grieved."

"Dave, dear—" She reached her hand across the table, let it lie hungrily against him.

"Let me finish. I'd want to think of you with someone. I want your life to be—well, sunny things. You know. A white house. Kids on the grass. Living."

"Dave, I—"

"And whatever happens, Carol, don't grieve for me. Don't hang a star in your window. Just plant some yellow jonquils and go on living."

For a moment she said nothing. For a moment she held tight to Dave, tight, her fingers alive with the pulsing of his warmth, of the red blood in Dave's wrists.

Carol brushed two tears away, smiled valiantly. "Jonquils it is, Dave."

"Say 'I promise.'"

"I promise."

"Good," Dave said. "You have made me very happy. Now what about a dance?"

They danced, close, oh, close together. Reassured by his nearness, she thought, this is nothing but war hysteria—this fear of Dave's going away.

Gaily, at the aerodrome, she waved good-bye to Dave. His kiss left a warm tingle on her mouth.

"Jonquils," she told herself. "I'll never need to plant jonquils."

Yet when the telegram came, not sixty days later, her first thought was, it's yellow—yellow, like jonquils.

The type blurred after the fifth word:

We regret to inform you . . .

That night Carol went dancing with a handsome Marine. She wore a gay green frock, with yellow roses for a corsage—because jonquils were out of season.

It didn't work. That was the only night in her life that Carol drank too much . . .

. . . . . .

Now Carol spread her hands on the red-and-white checkered tablecloth, in an attempt at fairness. "Gay," Carol said slowly, "I am terribly fond of you. But it's like this . . ."

And then she became aware of Gay's square-filed, clean-tipped finger-nails lying beside the bowl of jonquils. How closely they resembled Dave's.

Looking at the flowers, Carol read Dave's message. It was almost like a code:

"Never be lonely . . . Don't grieve for me . . . Plant some yellow jonquils."

This, along with the entire scene of a year ago, flashed through her mind in a poignant, starlike brilliance. Every word, every gesture, came to life again on the negative of the mental snapshot she had photographed that day while Dave was talking.

She could hear Dave's voice: "Say 'I promise.'"

And her own voice: "I promise."

Suddenly, Carol reached out her hand and let it rest in Gay's. "Don't think me trivial, Gay. I'm saying yes."

"Carol!" Like a clarion note, releasing joy, that word. It was enough.

Only for a wavering brief instant did Carol wonder if she might be ruining two lives by her decision. Carol bent her face above the jonquils, apparently to inhale their fragrance.

I did it, Dave, Carol was saying silently. Are you glad?

To Carol it was significant that at this particular moment of a cloudy day sunlight should break through, should choose the bowl of yellow jonquils on which to pour its light.

"Don't move, Carol!"

Carol looked up, aware that Gay was speaking. Gay's voice—and yet she had the strangest feeling that Dave was talking!

"The way the sun shines on your hair . . ."

From the bowl of jonquils, it seemed to Carol she could hear Dave's voice, Dave's silent blessing. "Traits . . . Good and bad, all mankind. . . You find what you look for."

Carol smiled in happiness, in relief. Gay was so sweet, so dear to her.

"Carol," he said, "if I live to be a hundred I won't forget to-day."

She had thought it would be hard. But the words came easily: "You know, Gay, when we get to keeping house I'd like to have a garden."

"A garden you shall have," Gay promised. His eyes twinkled in anticipation. "And what shall we plant in our garden?"

Carol said, "I want to plant some yellow jonquils."

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The Knightly Blade

He wanted to play the hero, achieving miracles of daring.

By . . .
ARCH WHITEHOUSE

"I came to take you back. You are Miss Dido, ain't you?" wailed Tatters.

PILOT-OFFICER HECTOR PRIMROSE was the only bloke in the R.A.F. who actually looked like his name. He lisped at times. He was pigeon-chested and bandy-legged, and his uniform appeared to have been wrapped about him during the throes of a muscular spasm.

The only right thing about Hector Primrose was that he was the best Wellington pilot in the Bomber Command. He was one of those incomprehensible bits of humanity that somehow topples into the Honors List, and blossoms out with a row of gallantry ribbons ten minutes after war has been declared.

Primrose was at the controls of his Wellington bomber on the way home from a terrific raid. His thoughts, strangely enough, were centred on a tidy little sports roadster which was on display at the Jubilee Motor Salon. Its price tag, regardless of the petrol situation, was something staggering.

Hector Primrose wanted the little roadster more than he desired a D.S.O. Medals were all right in their place, but you can't buy snappy sports roadsters with them. You must, unfortunately, have cash to do that, and as far as Pilot-Officer Primrose could figure the matter out, his hopes of raising the cash rested on getting some other silly ass to volunteer with him for a bonus show that only an insane Air Intelligence wallah could conjure up.

It should be explained, however, in connection with insane ideas, that up to this point Pilot-Officer Primrose had not been formally introduced to Corporal Tatters Oxnard. He only really became aware of him after Oxnard shot down the Messerschmitt.

Corporal Air-Gunner Oxnard liked these daylight sweeps over the enemy-occupied territory. They gave him an opportunity to keep up with the adventurous chapters presented in the current issue of his favorite magazine without undue interruption. After all, there was actually very little to do except when they were in the enemy area on the other side of the Ditch.

No. 146 Squadron had been booked for this latest dash of insanity by the Air Staff. It had taken the form of "mast-high" raids on enemy shipping; but the gross results, as stirring and effective as they might be, were mere magic-lantern episodes as compared with the melodrama offered monthly by G. Weston Glamorgan, top-drawer fictioneer of Topical Thriller.

Who in all this bombing business compared to G. Weston Glamorgan's Knightly Blade, who in the current issue was clambering down the very maw of Bromo, a treacherous volcano in Borneo, during a gallant and suffocating effort to rescue dainty Doris Fortesque?

"Strike me lucky!" gasped Tatters, as he consumed the details, "'ow does this bloke Glamorgan do it?"

It was just then that the Messerschmitt attacked, and Oxnard, after a very hazardous five minutes, finally shot it down.

The voice of Pilot-Officer Primrose came to him over the intercom: "Proper job of work, Oxnard. Report please."

"I'm all right, sir," Tatters reported. But he added, with an audible sniff, "It's only me magazine."

"Magazine? What the heck?"

"Tore it to bits, sir."

Pilot-Officer Primrose stared ahead and pondered deeply. "You know you're aboard a Wellington, don't you, Oxnard?" he inquired. "You're sure you're all right, now?"

"Quite all right, sir," Oxnard choked. "It's me magazine wot's copped it. Straight down from—er—thirty-six, to—er—ninety-four. Done it in properly, it 'as!"

Primrose wondered if a spot of oxygen would do Corporal Oxnard any good. As soon as they landed he proceeded to question him further.

"Are you all right?" Primrose asked for the seventh time.

"Me? Yes, sir. I'm quite all right myself," Tatters mumbled.

"What was that business about a magazine? Did you mean your ammo boxes?"

"Well, no, sir!" Tatters parried, hugging a wad of magazine under his Mae West. "Wot I mean was, me paper, me magazine, like."

Primrose's face took on the general expression of a door-knocker: "You mean that bother was just about a shilling shocker?"

"It was a Topical Thriller, sir!" countered Oxnard, with understandable dignity. "I was readin' a new one by G. Weston Glamorgan, where Knightly Blade—er, what's the matter, Sir?"

Pilot-Officer Primrose had reacted in a startling manner. His face shot forward, his shoulders hunched, and he began fingering experimentally at the visible corners of Oxnard's tattered periodical.

"Topical Thriller?" he managed to get out.

"Yes, sir. You know the T.T., sir?" beamed the gunner guy.

"Well, as a youngster, I used to read it," Primrose admitted. "That chap, Knightly Blade—is he still pulling off his miracles?"

"Oh, yes. Knightly Blade is back, sir!" Primrose exploded with enthusiasm. "'E's back again. That's why I——" And Oxnard began pointing at his gun turret, his Adam's apple doing a reciprocative bobbin act.

The station-speaker on the dispersal area pole broke in: "All crews report! All crews report! All crews report to Briefing Room at once! All crews report!"

"And 'e 'as to get down inside the volcano to get the girl out!" Tatters Oxnard was explaining three minutes later. "I'd just got to there when that Hun went and shot it to bits!"

"So Knightly Blade—that is, Glamorgan—is back?" asked Primrose, studying Oxnard's dial. "I thought he was copped at Dunkirk. Tank corps, wasn't he?"

"I know, sir," said Tatters. "That's why there was no Knightly Blade stories in the T.T. for a time. 'E was a prisoner of war! 'E still is, but 'e's writing again."

"How did you find all that out?" Primrose asked.

"It was all in the T.T. several months ago, sir. Now 'e's writin' 'is stories from a prison-camp and getting them through, some'ow. Mr. Glamorgan is at—— I've got it written down 'ere in my notebook."

Tatters flipped the pages of his greasy note pad and came upon a scrawled sheet.

" 'Ere we are, sir! . . . Captain G. Weston Glamorgan, Kriegsgefangenenpost, HX5320, British Prisoner of War, Strohen, R.E. Germany. That's where 'e is, sir! Don't I know—'cos in a manner o' speakin', sir, that's what brought me into this Air Force!"

As Primrose stared in astounded silence, he went on to explain vaguely: "When I seen as 'ow 'e was being 'eld in the henemy 'ands somethink went wrong with me 'ead! All I know now is that I 'opped orf me bus somewhere in Sloane Square an' never went back again!"

Primrose studied him intently. He began to see grim possibilities in all this. "You mean you joined the R.A.F. so that you could try to get over and rescue this Glamorgan bloke, don't you?" demanded Pilot-Officer Primrose.

"Yes, sir," confessed Tatters with bewitching simplicity.

The loud-speaker rasped again and jerked them out of their chummy reflections.

"We'd better get along now," Primrose whispered. "We'll go into this further later on."

Pilot-Officer Primrose skated off on legs charged with the chase to the far end of the long Besseneau hut, and pulled up outside the door marked "33rd Wing, Air Intelligence." The group-captain inside looked up from a coded message form before him. "Hullo, Primrose!" he greeted the pilot-officer. "Anything new?"

Hector went off like a string of Chinese crackers.

"It's about that bonus trip you spoke of, sir. I think I've got a bloke who will go with me. Now what do we have to do? You said you wanted another enemy-territory landing job, didn't you? I think I can get——"

The group-captain recoiled from this barrage: "Half a minute. Half a minute, Primrose! Take it easy!"

"Yes sir. But I've got a bloke who will go with me."

"All that in turn. Remember the girl you took over three weeks ago? Dido Melmerby?"

"The red-headed bit? All petticoats and starched apron? I put her down in Area 21—near a farmhouse. What's up? Did they nab her?"

"Not yet! But she can't get through to Amsterdam, and she's under suspicion. It's all in her apron!"

"Something in her apron pocket, sir?"

"No! Secret-ink stuff all over the thing. She was taking full details of our plans for going back on the Continent. It's written into her apron—that big starched white apron—but she doesn't know that, or she'd have the sense to destroy it, and now they can't contact her because she's being watched. Got to get her out, see?"

"I think so, sir!"

"Well, if we don't, Jerry nabs Miss Melmerby. They dip her apron in juice of some sort, and out pop all our well-laid plans. If they do, they'll pick up all our chaps in Amsterdam, and we'll have to start from the beginning."

"Just like a Glamorgan thriller, eh?" mumbled Hector.

"You think you can tackle it again, Primrose?" the group-captain asked.

"Look here, sir!" Hector began. "What would you think of a bloke who joined up with the giddy idea of popping over some night and rescuing a certain Tank Corps egg who writes thrillers for the shockers?"

"I'd say he'd walked into a Spitfire propeller. Outside of that, what?"

"Listen to this," Primrose went on. "There seems to be a bloke named Glamorgan. He writes hair-raisers for a rag called Topical Thriller. Glamorgan was in the Tanks and got himself nabbed at Dunkirk. My bloke, Corporal Oxnard, wants to go over and get him out!"

Please turn to page 4

Chivalry—and hard cash

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The Knightly Blade

Continued from page 3

"BUT we want Dido Melmerby, not a Tank Corps swipe!" the group-captain bellowed.

"Of course! I intend to use this Glamorgan guy for bait. Oxnard will go for Glamorgan, but I don't know about—er—Dido."

"What you won't do for money!" the group-captain wheezed.

"Look here! This bloke was a bus-driver. He's mad about the thrillers Glamorgan writes. When he found out that Glamorgan was a prisoner of war he pitched off the bus and hurled his manly form into the R.A.F. He wants to get Glamorgan out, so if I can kid him to go along with me and——"

"You wouldn't think that would be playing a dirty trick on him. I suppose?" the group-captain pondered.

"What about Dido? Someone might play a dirty trick on her—and get her apron," taunted Hector.

. . . . . .

A short while later Hector Primrose and Corporal Oxnard were huddled together over a folder.

Inserted was a smudgy map of Germany and the occupied area, on which were indicated most of the known prison-camps.

Primrose pointed to a smudged circle he had drawn on the map: "Now, here's Strohen camp. It's about fifty miles west of Hanover. Now, what about it?"

"Well, I don't rightly know, sir," Oxnard said uncertainly.

"Well, I mean to say," protested Primrose, "you must have had some idea what you were going to do."

Tatters stared at the young officer. "Idea, sir?" he began. "I 'ad nothink wot you might call concrete when I first went orf me 'ead about all this; but since we 'ave been on these 'ere daylight sweeps I rather thought I might 'ave to look about, and if possible get the word to Mr. Glamorgan, like."

Primrose stared, in his turn.

"You mean, tip Glamorgan off that you'd come back and pick him up if he could get into the clear?"

"You've rather advanced my plan a bit, sir. But that was somethink of the general idea."

"Do you remember Glamorgan's story, 'The Manchu's Massacre,' in the T.T. some years ago?"

"Where Knightly Blade got the 'Igh Commissioner out of the double-walled stockade, sir. Of course I do. Cor, not 'arf!"

"We could pull that off at night."

"We could sir? But 'ow would Mr. Glamorgan know we was comin' for 'im?"

"Come now, Oxnard," reproved the pilot-officer. "We do have a spot of intelligence about the shop. Agents over there, you know."

Tatters gulped: "You mean that Mr. Glamorgan knows about it already?"

Hector glanced up, slit-eyed: "I wouldn't say that, although I might, Oxnard. The point is, would you go?"

"Go, sir? You bet I would!"

"In that case!" Hector Primrose said with styled authority. "We'll go to-night!"

. . . . . .

Tatters found nothing unusual in the fact that a Wellington was standing alone outside its dispersal point with the engines ticking over. What was important was the fact that he personally had been selected to attempt the rescue of G. Weston Glamorgan.

They took off with a jangle of empty bomb-bays, and were projectiled into the night . . .

"Are you sure Mr. Glamorgan knows all about this, sir?" Oxnard inquired, some thirty minutes later, when the joy of illogical thinking was beginning to wear thin.

Mr. Primrose mumbled something in the affirmative.

"I'm only trying to get it all straight in me own mind, sir," the gunner muttered, as the first slap of searchlight plated their port side with silver.

"Take gun station!" yelled Mr. Primrose. "Report on the inter-com any defence planes sighted. No shooting until they actually attack. Clear?"

"All clear, sir," responded Oxnard, wishing more of it was.

He floundered back into the tail turret and reported his arrival to the pilot. He settled in his saddle seat and waited for something to happen. He tried to fathom Mr. Primrose while his eye searched for Heinkels and Messerschmitts. He wondered if Mr. Primrose had fully considered the possibilities of a show of this particular brand.

In this solemn contemplation he felt concern mounting, and his interest in the welfare of G. Weston Glamorgan undergoing considerable revision. As a matter of fact, he felt a sudden dislike for Mr. Glamorgan, who had evidently copped himself a cushy berth somewhere.

It was all very jam-on-it for Mr. Glamorgan, who could write stories and maintain his profession durance vile or no durance vile. When Mr. Glamorgan returned from the wars he'd toddle into a nice little stock of crisp Treasury notes.

"It seems to me," Tatters said aloud, to impress the point more forcibly, "it seems to me, Mr. Glamorgan would be doing a smart thing by staying a prisoner of war. I don't know why we should be——"

The inter-com speaker over his left ear agreed with spontaneous enthusiasm: "You're right, Oxnard! You're right as ninepence! He should be left over there!"

"Ooo-er-r-r!" glugged Corporal Oxnard, realising how he had given himself away. "I was only just thinking, sir."

"Thinking? I thought you were saying that to me," Primrose answered from up front. "But you're right. As a matter of fact, we didn't come over to get Mr. Glamorgan at all. We came over to pick up a girl. A tasty bit, too, I may say."

"A girl, sir?" Oxnard gargled. "You mean we ain't going to rescue Mr. Glamorgan at all?"

"Of course not! Between you and me, Oxnard, he's too valuable over here. We've got to get a young lady out instead. She's a British agent," went on Primrose, working out the lines as he went along. "And the Jerries are beginning to sniff a rodent, if you get what I mean."

"An' we only came over to get 'er, sir?" Tatters tinkled like a cracked bottle.

"Absolutely! Old Glamorgan arranged it through a code message slipped into certain lines of his last story. This is really his show, and we've got to put it over for him!"

The air went back into Corporal Oxnard, and Hector Primrose could feel the steering-wheel of that little roadster already. Oxnard cocked his head to one side, and suddenly realised he had been miraculously shunted into the living role of Knightly Blade! From a prison-camp deep in the enemy lines, G. Weston Glamorgan had selected—not Knightly Blade, but Corporal Air-Gunner Tattersall Oxnard!

"Strike me lucky!" gasped Tatters, as the full weight of realisation settled over his shoulders.

Within the next twelve minutes the lone Wellington was throttled back for the cautious glide down into enemy territory.

Primrose was chattering over the inter-com speaker as he towered the big bomber: "You'd better stay there and cover until we actually touch in. She should be on hand; but in case she's not we'll have to go in and dig her out. She's a bit on the slight side. Answers to the name of Dido."

"Dido, sir?"

"Dido! Her real name is Daphne, something sugary like that. She'll probably be made up as a Dutch waitress—you know—starched apron and nineteen petticoats. Make sure she has her apron! You know, the Glamorgan touch."

"Cor!" vented Oxnard. "This don't sound like Mr. Glamorgan."

Primrose didn't argue that point. He was too engrossed with planting the Wellington down. The big bomber drifted over a scraggy hedge and settled down gently on the billowy turf.

PILOT-OFFICER PRIMROSE let out a wheezy sigh of relief, rasped the window back, and peered out. The lay-out was exactly as he had left it three weeks before. There were the three hay-stacks and the decayed windmill across the canal. There was the low, rambling farmhouse with the two circular-roofed barns.

"Oxnard! Oxnard!" he called down the companionway. "You'd better drop the amidships hatch and slip out. I'll stand by here with a K-gun. You go in and get her, and make sure she wears her apron. A big starched white apron. I'll give you the best part of three minutes. Now hop it!"

"Yes, sir," dithered Tatters. "And you say her name is Dido?"

"Dido! She must bring her apron. Here's something to take along with you. Now shove off and move fast. Good old Glamorgan stuff, like!"

"This don't sound like Mr. Glamorgan to me," muttered the disillusioned Tatters as he made his way down the hatch ladder. He felt somewhat lopsided in addition, and then realised that Mr. Primrose had shoved a very large automatic pistol into his right fist.

Once clear, he waddled off uncertainly towards the farmhouse which frowned at him through the cover of several outbuildings about two hundred yards away.

"She has to wear her apron," he muttered, lurching on until he reached the heavy timbered doorway.

Summoning his courage and a fair degree of muscular obedience, he rapped with feigned authority on the door with the heavy black weapon. The first tap was gentle and uncertain, but somehow the gun went off with a roar and flash that splintered the night. Tatters was recoiled backward and sat down hard, stunned.

"Bang!" he finally managed to bleat as he got to his knees and watched the great door swing open.

Please turn to page 20

Distinguished American Beauty

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., looks like a lovely Dresden China figurine. This distinguished member of America's First Family has for years followed the Pond's ritual of skin care. "Since my boarding school days, I have used Pond's at least twice daily", she says. Her skin is damask-fine, soft, smooth.

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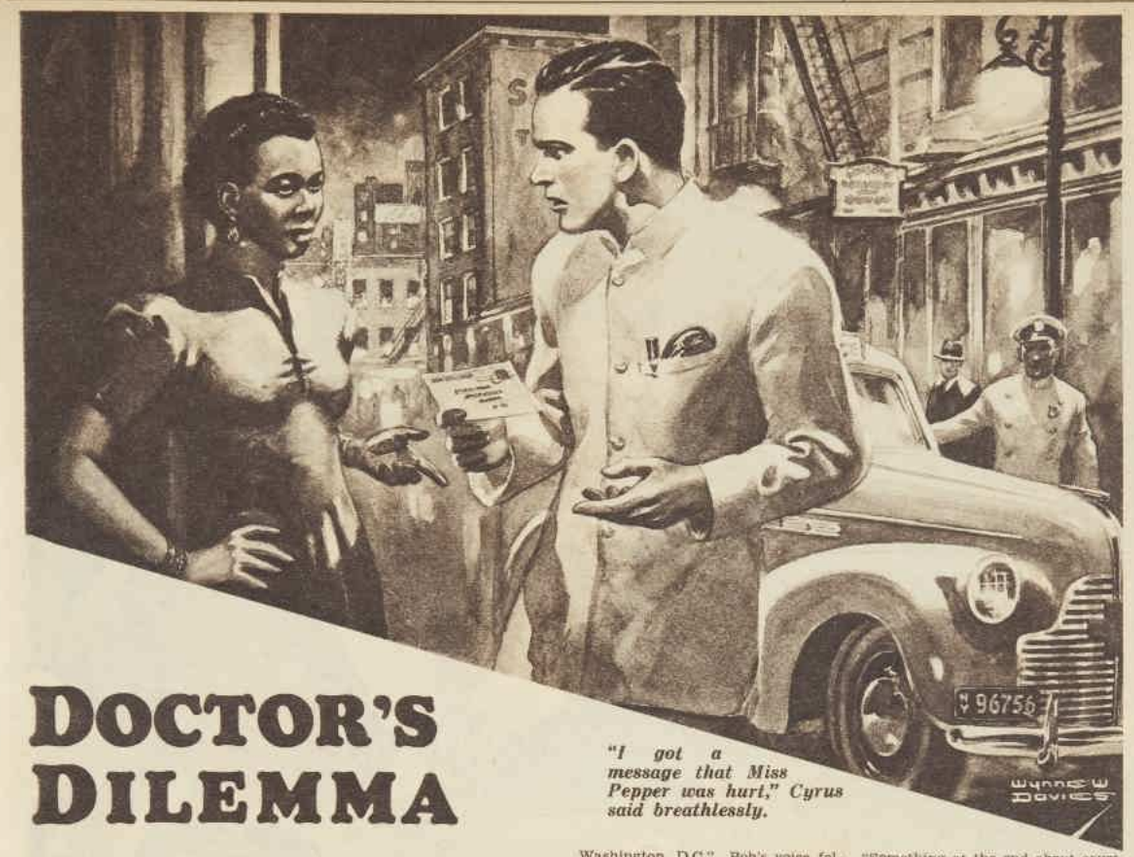

"I got a message that Miss Pepper was hurt," Cyrus said breathlessly.

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

Cyrus thought nothing mattered more than his work, but pretty Sally had very different ideas.

By HANNAH LEES

CYRUS picked up the letter without seeing it and started toward the dining-room fast. Eat quickly and get back to the ward. Miss O'Brien was being splendid about the Meckwitz chap, but you couldn't expect a student nurse with twenty beds on her mind to spend all her time on one of them.

It didn't occur to him that you couldn't expect an intern with twenty beds on his mind to spend all his time on one of them either. He wasn't spending all his time; the other nineteen beds were getting along, and this was research. If it worked, that patient might be up and walking in a couple of months instead of a couple of years or never.

But it couldn't work unless somebody spent a lot of time on it in the next couple of weeks, and this was a packed-to-the-roof city hospital.

Gessner was right enough saying you couldn't expect the city to provide special nurses to change hot dressings, and give a lot of massage and exercise to every infantile paralysis case that was brought in. But it would be interesting to try the thing out once anyway, especially after all that bickering in the journals. Interesting to see if that nurse down in Australia really had something.

He sat down at the nearest table, and while he was waiting for his food glanced at the envelope in his hand:

Lieut (jg) Cyrus Harvey MC-V (G), USNR,
City Hospital,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Another love letter from the Navy, he thought casually. One came along every week or so. Notices about new regulations, meetings that nobody ever went to, changes of detail in uniform and he didn't even have a uniform, hadn't been near the Navy Yard, except when he went down for his physical, since he signed up a year ago. Sound idea signing up. Only why did they waste all this paper till they were ready to call you?

"How's that infantile case of yours in Quiet coming, Cy?" Bob Morgan dropped down beside him.

"Right leg paralysed is all." Cyrus pulled the official communication out of its envelope.

"Glad he's on your service," said Bob. "All right if you could do anything, but this sticking on a splint and watching the leg wither gets me down."

Cyrus opened his mouth and then shut it again and unfolded his letter. He should tell Bob he hadn't put a splint on this one. He should tell him about trying the Kenny treatment, but he wasn't going to. Bob was on the same ward, let him find out. Cy began to eat while he looked at the notice:

There were several routine printed paragraphs messed up with a lot of abbreviations that didn't make sense; then, typed in at the bottom, "By or before midnight—" He frowned at the date. That was to-day wasn't it? Well, tough for the Navy, but he couldn't get to any fool meeting to-day.

"Another notice from the Secretary of the Navy?" Bob was looking unconcernedly over his shoulder.

"Nope." Cyrus frowned over the half-printed half-typewritten sheet. "Something about getting down there for something or other. Doesn't matter. I never go, and if I did I couldn't go to-day."

"Getting down there . . .?" Bob was still reading over his shoulder. "I'll say it is." He grinned broadly. "You know what that's saying there, little brother? That's saying you're called, and now. By or before midnight. Them's orders, Cy, and you've got just about eleven and a half hours left of private life. Better start packing."

Cyrus stopped eating abruptly. He had an acute sense of elation that faded as quickly as it came. Why would they have to come now, the one time when he couldn't leave the hospital for even a half-hour. "Well," he picked up his fork, frowning. "I'll have to call up and get deferred, or whatever it is, for a few weeks."

"Deferred? Why, for Pete's sake?"

"Well," Cyrus shrugged, hesitated, then went on gruffly: "I've got this infantile case. Don't snicker out loud, but I'm trying that Sister Kenny treatment on the guy."

"Hot fomentations and passive exercise during the acute stage, eh?" Suprisingly Bob seemed to be quoting. "That Kenny stuff—Jeepers, how'd you get Gessner to let you?"

Cyrus grinned. "Saved him the trouble of putting on a splint, but he was sceptical about it, and so I won't drop the thing in the middle. I can't, that's all. I'd better call the Navy."

"The name is Knox, address, Washington, D.C." Bob's voice followed him into the hall. "Maybe he'll put the war off if you explain who you are."

Cyrus didn't answer. He was already at the phone, calling a number. "Can I have . . ." he consulted the paper in his hand, "the district medical officer? Captain Welkin, that's it. . . . Hello, Captain Welkin? This is Harvey, at the City Hospital. Cyrus Harvey. I just got orders to report for active duty before midnight to-night. . . . Yes. . . . I'm sorry as the deuce, but I can't make it on such short notice. . . . What? . . . What's that? . . . But I've got a serious case on here. I can't leave him for a few weeks. What do I do to get deferred? . . . What? . . . I know, but it may make the difference of the man walking or not. . . .

"Look, you don't get me, Captain. I'm not trying to get out of anything. I'm crazy to get in. It's just that this man is very sick. . . . What's that? . . . Well, all right, they'll have to go ahead and court-martial. I can't leave here to-day."

His jaw stuck out pugnaciously as he slammed down the receiver.

He was heading across the court when a light voice behind him said: "Could you hold those legs down to trot just for a moment?"

He reached out and took the "voice" by the hand. It was a nice hand. "Due in the ward ten minutes ago, Sal. That Kenny treatment is a full-time job for someone."

"Is it going badly?" She looked up into his face appraisingly. "Something is."

"No, that's all right. It's the Navy that's got me worried. Take a load of this." He thrust the letter from Washington into her hand.

Her eyes began to absorb the official words as she all but ran beside him. "Cy . . . this . . . this is what do you call 'ems. This is Orders, isn't it? Oh, Cy."

"Don't worry." His voice was gruff with anxiety. "I can't go right away. I wish I could, but I've got to carry through this treatment first. Just called them up and told them so."

"Cy, you didn't!" There was awe in her voice, awe and something else.

"Yep."

"What'd they say?" The awe was fading before the something else, something a good deal less flattering.

"Oh, a lot of things." His jaw began to jut again at the memory. "Something at the end about court-martial. But they'd never court-martial a guy for just sticking to his job."

"You could get someone else to carry on that treatment."

"And have 'em go around saying Harvey'd started something else he couldn't finish. No, this is my picnic, baby." He took the paper from Sally's hand. "Don't worry about it, kid."

"But it's serious, Cy."

"Not so serious. It's only a few weeks. I'll fix it up."

Her face stiffened, and she pulled her hand from his. Then she looked up into his face with scornful eyes. "Run along to your patient."

Now what had he done, he wondered as he looked after her. But he only had time to wonder for a moment.

Little Miss O'Brien stuck her head out of the ward as he turned the corner to Neurological. "I thought you weren't ever going to come back," she said. "Those Meckwitz dressings must be cold as ice and I haven't even finished my lunch trays."

"Sorry." Half-way through the door of Quiet Room A, Cyrus paused and grinned at her. "But you might as well get used to being left with the sack, little sister. You'll get plenty of it."

"I don't mind!" Her smile was bright. "Only I can't be two places at once. Want me to take another spell later? I'm off at four and not doing anything special. Oh, and there's another new case on the way up from Receiving."

Cyrus grunted. "I may have to work you at that. Call you if I do."

He turned into the little room and barely glanced at the face on the pillow as he felt the dressings, muttered an oath and went abruptly after hot water. When he came back he found time to ask, "Still hurt a good deal?" as he wrung the strips of towel out in the hot water. Then, as he packed them around the paralysed leg and the foot which protruded stiffly beyond the mattress:

"Now don't do anything that hurts you, Meckwitz, but if you can think hard about flexing those toes and twisting that foot every now and then it'll help a good deal."

The man—he was really only a boy—looked at him bitterly from beneath a lock of damp hair, and said nothing. It was obvious that it still did hurt a good deal.

Cyrus pulled the last strip of hot towel tight and went to his next patient.

In the middle of an involved test he realised more than an hour had passed. Those dressings would be getting cold. He rushed to the treatment room, grabbed a basin of steaming water and took it in to Meckwitz.

When Cy got back to the examination fifteen minutes later and reached in his pocket for a tuning fork he felt paper crackle under his fingers and remembered the Navy. Maybe he'd phone Dr. Everett before supper and get him to phone that Welkin guy and explain. Probably Sally was right and he'd better find time. Rotten to have anyone think he didn't want to be called.

The afternoon raced by at incredible speed as he struggled to cope with Meckwitz, a multiple sclerosis, a brain tumor—or was it migraine?—and eighteen other patients.

He planned to call Miss O'Brien around five and have her take over for a couple of hours while he had supper and straightened out this Naval Reserve business, but on his way to the phone an epileptic was brought up in bad shape. The resident wasn't around, neither was Bob Morgan, and anyway it was marked for Gessner's service. Cyrus grunted, took off his coat, and called for a couple of orderlies.

The four-to-twelve student nurse brought him a glass of milk and a couple of sandwiches. It was getting on to eight and he still had orders to write and Meckwitz's evening massage and exercise, which took a good half-hour and sometimes more. And the epileptic might begin acting up again any moment.

There was something else he had forgotten, some other thing he had to do. He tried to think, but there was a wall of fatigue before whatever it was and he finally dismissed it.

"You're wanted on the phone, Dr. Harvey." The four-to-midnight stuck her head in the door, her face worried. "They said it was an emergency, Dr. Harvey. Something about," she hesitated, "it sounded like a colored man, but I think he said Miss Pepper."

"Miss Pepper?" He was out of his chair and his face was stiff. "Are you sure that's what he said?" But he didn't wait for her to answer. He was at the phone. Miss Pepper—what could have happened to Sally?

"Hello, did you want Dr. Harvey?" His voice was hoarse. If she was hurt, if she was hurt badly enough to have someone call him . . .

"Yes, sir." It was a negro. "This Dr. Harvey? Young lady here got herself hurt in a car accident. She won't let us move her or anything without we call you."

"Where is she hurt? How bad is it?"

"Oh, not real bad," the voice was agonisingly reassuring, "but she cain't walk. Look like her leg hurt somehow. She just keep saying she want you."

"Where is she?" He reached automatically in his pocket for a piece of paper and drew out an envelope. "What's that? Hawkins Ferry Road? What number? 1217. Look, tell her I'll be there in—say, fifteen minutes. And keep her perfectly still, see. Don't let her move till I get there."

He stood still a moment with the receiver back on the hook. The quickest way to get down there . . . and when he got there . . . to bring her back probably . . .

It was irregular, but he ordered an ambulance to take him there immediately. Then he remembered Meckwitz. Those dressings must be getting cold again, and that massage and exercise still ahead. Cyrus swallowed hard, went and sought out Bob Morgan, and hurriedly blurted out what had happened.

"You don't want me to go for Sally, do you?" Bob's face crinkled into a grin.

"Well, I thought . . ." Cyrus stuttered.

"Don't think. It might hurt. Give me the dope on the infantile.

"Look." Cyrus led him to the room. "It's all here in this reprint. If I figured out from that, you can, too. Call the O'Brien kid, why don't you, and have her get over here and help you out. She's gone over it with me a lot of times, and she'll be glad to. I hate to ask you and I wouldn't if . . ."

"Why not?" There was surprise in Bob's slow voice. "I've been trying to get in on this all the week, only you've been so snooty. Beat it, fella. I'll bet I can keep this leg hot almost as well as you can, and your gal might need you."

Please turn to page 20

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Extract from an Article by
Professor W. A. OSBORNE, M.B., D.S.C., F.A.C.S.

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LADY IN HAZARD

Fire, havoc, and a breathless climax in our brilliant Australian serial

Stretching out a powerful hand, the man thrust Sheila suddenly through the doorway.

By CAROLYN OGDEN

SHEILA sat in silence, gazing at the flickering fire, thinking of the story Ken had just told her, and all it must have meant to him. Presently she said gently:

"I read about the sinking of the Cadonia. Three weeks in the little boat, weren't you?"

"Maybe. I was out to it most of the time, and a good space afterwards. That sort of thing faded. It isn't the past that's worrying me now. It's the future. I'll get a war job for the duration, of course. But then what?"

"Try not to think of the future. Live for to-day, as the rest of us do."

"I can't. It's always been 'some time' with me, and never now."

"I suppose men are like that," said Sheila, thoughtfully. "Women are different. Most women. They're content with what the day brings, and hope for the best to-morrow. It's the way with me, anyway?"

"You're not 'most women,'" he told her.

But her mind had gone off at a tangent. "Ken, where do you think Margaret can be?"

He glanced at her quickly, and flung some more wood on the fire.

"Hard to say, Sheila. Biding her time, I expect. Once we're in touch with civilisation it should not take long to get in touch with her."

The only line to take. In spite of all her protests she was as near exhaustion as he had ever seen a girl. She had been obviously tired when she arrived at Red Shutters, and the time since then had hardly been calculated to rest her.

"Why didn't you tell me about yourself before?"

"It didn't occur to me that you'd be interested. Too many people talk about themselves. It's their only topic. You've got to live with men in a ship to find that out. So I tried to rid myself of the habit. Anyway, I had so little to talk about."

"You have no people—anywhere?"

"Not that I know of. Mind you," he added candidly, "I can't say I've ever wanted any. What you've never had you can't miss, they say, and from what I've heard of other men's relations I always thought myself well off without any. I told you I was a lone wolf."

"But you'd make friends in different places."

"Hardly ever long enough ashore. Some of the men I sailed with took me to their homes sometimes, but I always felt out of it. I couldn't understand half the things they were talking about. It was all over my head."

Sheila understood why he had always seemed so remote. It had not occurred to her that men lived such lives, moving through the world more solitary than albatrosses, wrapped in their own private thoughts and ambitions, driven on by some self-generated motive power.

She understood, too, the full extent of the calamity that had befallen him. For his was no ordinary case of a man forced by circumstances to change his job. For him it meant a complete reorientation of life; the building up of a fresh ambition on the ashes of the old. And out of what?

How should a man start to make friends who had never learned the need or the way? How adapt himself to a small circle, no matter how friendly, who had been bounded only by the horizon?

As though he followed her own thoughts, he broke in on them.

"Making me talk, aren't you? Well, all right, I'll talk if you stay awake to listen. Tell me, you've lived in a world I know nothing about. You know houses, and streets, and games, and parties and clubs, and all that. How do men exist in it? Don't they ever get sick and tired of it all? Don't they ever drive each other mad? That's what I've got to find out sooner or later."

Sheila considered the point. "Tell me how men live in a ship! All crowded together in a little space. What stops them from going mad?"

"Nothing, sometimes," he said, with a wry smile. "I've seen it happen. But it's a fair question, even though it's no answer to mine. They keep going because of the ship. It's something bigger than themselves, though some of them hate it. They argue and quarrel among themselves sometimes, but there's always the ship, you understand, and whatever their job is in her."

"It's the same mostly with other men. They live, too, for something outside themselves. Their work may not be very exciting, or even interesting, but there's usually something else. A home, a wife, children. It's a narrow world, but they make it theirs. That's the ship they're captain of, Ken."

"And I suppose you've always looked forward to being one of the crew?"

"If I ever looked forward to being anything, it might have been just that."

"Haven't shipped under anyone yet?"

"I'm not sailing until I find the right captain . . ." Sheila found herself growing heavily drowsy . . .

Suddenly she was broad awake, and cramped with cold. The fire had burned low. A wan daylight strove to penetrate the accumulation of dirt on the window-pane. The storm still lashed the house, and the rain beat on the roof with the din of many drums.

Cunningham was asleep. Stubble shadowed his pale, haggard face, and there was a smear of soot across his forehead. Yet he looked younger than she had seen him; almost, she thought, with a quick upsurge of tenderness, like a sick boy. He breathed unevenly, and sometimes his lips parted in an incoherent mutter. Once she caught her own name.

Fuel was left from the night before. At least he could open his eyes to a cheerful blaze.

He woke soon, and his first look of blank bewilderment slowly faded.

"So it did happen. I was sort of hoping it hadn't."

"Then you were dreaming, too?"

He nodded. "I don't know that we weren't better off asleep." He rose slowly to his feet, and stretched his cramped arms.

"How do you feel?" she asked, anxiously.

"A bit off as yet. But I generally do in the mornings lately. How about you?"

"I'm all right," she lied. "I had a good sleep."

"Curse it, I forgot to wind it." He looked at his watch. "What's the time, Sheila?"

"Nearly eight."

"Just time to have a nice, hot bath before breakfast. Good lord, just listen to that rain and wind! It's worse, instead of better."

He flung on a pipe of splintered wood, and stirred the fire with the iron bar.

"Ever have whisky and water for breakfast? You're going to. I don't know that it's considered quite the right way to start the day, but it's all we've got."

With that, Cunningham began a tour of exploration.

The house looked infinitely dirty and desolate and forlorn by the light of that stormy dawn. Apparently when the last occupants had abandoned the place, years before, they had jettisoned all sorts of odds and ends as not worth the taking. There were scraps of old linoleum on the floors, pieces of home-made furniture in some of the rooms, piles of illustrated papers, a mattress from which the kapok streamed in a dirty heap, a mangy-looking skin rug, broken kerosene lamps.

At the end of the long kitchen was a great cooking range, with a rusty iron boiler still suspended above it on a blackened chain. Above the range was a shelf on which stood a few pieces of chipped and battered crockery, a spoutless teapot, and a ragged copy of a book called the "Colonial Horse Doctor."

Cunningham wondered how long the place had been deserted. He decided that a wilderness behind the building had once been a kitchen garden and small orchard. The unpruned fruit-trees had run to wood. All beyond that was hidden by a curtain of rain, but he gathered an impression of a ragged hedge, a desolate expanse of farmyard beyond, and in the background the impressive stables and outbuildings he remembered having seen from the road to Merringbah.

At one end of the long verandah behind the kitchen was a tank, water cascading over the rim and spouting from the hundred holes eaten by rust and time. Cunningham washed his face and hands, and dried them on an already filthy handkerchief. Then he discovered an old billycan and a couple of cups without handles in the kitchen, and washed them as well as he could.

Returning to the room in which they had spent the night—it had once been the parlor, sacred, no doubt, to Sunday evenings, and rare visitors of importance—he found that Sheila had put on her ruined shoes and stockings.

"You've had a wash," she said accusingly. "That's a mean advantage."

He told her of the tank. While she went to wash at it he set the billy on the fire, and by the time she reappeared was able to offer her a cup of hot whisky and water.

"Linger over it; that's all there is."

"Should we linger at all?"

"What else can we do? No use going out in this without knowing where. Well, you'll be able to tell your grandchildren that you once breakfasted on hot whisky after spending the night in a deserted house with a sailor. I hope you're not worried about your reputation."

Lighting a cigarette, he stared through the grimy window.

"We've got to get away from here. That's obvious. I won't feel happy until I'm on the business end of a telephone. If only we knew the lay-out! There's not a house for ten miles or more along the road, so far as I remember, but there might be a nearer place across country. What's the time now?"

"Quarter to nine."

He wound his watch and set the hands. "I hardly know the day. What is it? Wednesday? Thursday? I wish that infernal rain would ease up a bit. You can't see a hundred yards outside."

"It might, in a little while. Sit down, Ken. Don't be so restless."

"I'm sorry. I'm making you nervous, and I should be doing just the reverse. You're very game, Sheila."

"If you knew what I felt like inside."

"I do know. That's what makes you all the gamer. I don't think waiting is my strong point. If I were going to be hanged no one could say, 'The condemned man passed a comfortable night.' I'm not built that way."

He strode about the room, which was dirtier than ever now that it had been tramped over with mud and ashes. "I think I'll go and have a look up and down the road. Someone might come along."

"I'll go with you."

"And get half-drowned? Don't be foolish. One of us wet through is enough. Stay here and keep warm. If I see anyone I'll stop them if I have to lie down in their tracks. If I don't, I'll be back in an hour."

From the front door Sheila watched him striding down the long avenue between the dreary pines. Then she went back and stoked up the fire.

In her tired mind memory and impression wove an endless, patternless web:

The name's Cunningham . . . which way did Squadron-Leader Desmond go? You mean my sister isn't here? Anyone seeing a man answering to this description . . .

Telegram for you, Miss Heydon . . . Merringbah . . . The gentleman stayed outside in the car . . . These foreigners . . . One of your buttons, I think, Miss Heydon . . .

A footfall in the passage outside. She sprang up. The impossible had happened, and he had stopped someone going past. The door opened. His name died on her lips. It was not Cunningham.

"I was wondering about the smoke from the chimney."

The newcomer was a short man cocooned in oilskins, gumboots, and sou'-wester hat. Bright eyes shone in his round cheerful face, glancing about the room, taking in the fire, the cigarette-ends on the cinder-strewn hearth, the blackened billy and cracked cups, missing nothing.

"Bless my soul!" he said at last, scratching his unshaven chin. "A young lady! And here am I thinking it must be another of them tramps! Now where did you come from?"

Sheila's fear evaporated in the brisk friendliness of his gaze.

"That's what I was going to ask you. You gave me a fright, walking in like that."

"I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "I didn't mean to. As for where I come from, that's easy answered. I'm a sort of caretaker. At least, that's what they call me. I look after the place."

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Land girl on Duty

Lovely Lady on Leave

she uses Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips"

Driving a plough or attending a theatre premiere—she maintains loveliness with those dependable aids to glamour, Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips." Pond's is the powder that stays on like a velvety bloom, gives your face a look of misty softness. Pond's "Lips" gives lovely glowing colour—stays on longer.

Pond's Powder
Pond's "Lips"

P.S. You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" refills at your chemist or store. But now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. Pond's are doing their best to keep everybody supplied, but wartime difficulties are sometimes beyond our control.

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"Afterwards I can rest," said Mrs. Roosevelt

WELCOMING CROWDS. Mrs. Roosevelt leaving her car to keep an engagement. All over Australia crowds have gathered for a glimpse of America's First Lady wherever she went.

MRS. ROOSEVELT greeting Mrs. Alice Jackson, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, on the porch of Yarralumla, the Vice-Regal residence at Canberra. Mrs. Roosevelt recalled their earlier meeting at the White House during our Editor's trip abroad, two years ago.

CAMERA BARRAGE. At the Services Hut, Manuka, Canberra, Mrs. Roosevelt (in foreground) faced a battery of international Press cameramen. "I used to think all the photographers in the world were in America," she said.

Strong sense of duty keeps her going in whirlwind tour

By ALICE JACKSON
Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly

Keeping up with Mrs. Roosevelt is an endurance test for the toughest journalist.

Following her around the thousands of miles she covered in her Australian tour, I tried to find the clue to her amazing physical endurance. It may be that she has mastered the art of completely relaxing in the brief intervals that occur between one function and the next—on the principle that at the heart of the whirlwind there is calm.

ASKED at a Press conference in Sydney if she could offer any explanation of her own, she opened her blue eyes in surprise and said: "I've never thought about it."

"I have such a short time among you," she continued, "and if I am to take back a real account of the women's work here and see as many of our people as I want to, I simply must manage.

"And afterwards I can rest," she added.

From that I deduced that the mainspring of Mrs. Roosevelt's amazing energy is her sense of duty and personal obligation to the job in hand.

Having climbed up and down a hundred thousand steps with her, I feel it is a very strong mainspring.

With long, effortless, and graceful steps, and at a much faster pace than the average walk, Mrs. Roosevelt went up and down and round about without showing a trace of fatigue. It was a comfort to know that strong men in the party were also pretty well laid low by the going.

"'Public Energy No. 1'," murmured a high-ranking military man. "How I envy her that tireless energy! Personally, I've got in a supply of vitamin tablets and arranged for iron injections. She must have wings on her feet."

However that may be, she certainly wings her way round the world with a smiling nonchalance that never ceases to amaze the earthbound.

One week she's in America. The next—Australia. The next—who knows? China, perhaps—or Peru.

"No, I didn't find the flight across the Pacific at all trying," she smiles. "It was so beautifully restful. Yes, it's a vast ocean, but you can cross it so quickly now. I don't feel that it separates Australia and America. I feel that it unites us."

With this outlook, the distances of yesterday's world mean nothing to her, and she repeatedly says that we must all cultivate "a world outlook."

Differences of race and creed should be no barriers to true neighborliness.

She has wings on her spirit, too. Already they have borne her forward to to-morrow's world—youth's world of which she loves to think and talk and write.

Before that to-morrow dawns, she warns us that there is still a terribly distressing time to be lived through, with inescapable burdens of suffering.

But she is confident that everything is in train for victory, and feels free to pattern in her mind the coming days of peace.

This is not wishful thinking on her part. A great student of world affairs, she speaks from a thoroughly well-informed mind. She is never dogmatic. On the contrary, there is an engaging diffidence in her manner when she is advancing a viewpoint.

But some of her faith in approaching victory is founded on signs she is in an exclusive position to read and interpret.

Hope and confidence

"MR. CHURCHILL stayed with us for two days before the Quebec Conference. I have never seen him so buoyant and cheerful. My husband was very cheerful, too.

"I felt in both of them a spirit of hope and confidence that was very good. It made me sure the tide has turned."

It is not hard to capture the secret of Mrs. Roosevelt's charm. It lies in her complete self forgetfulness.

She never tries to be charming. She never wants to impress anybody. She is just herself.

Everyone who meets her appreciates this. I heard it said in varying ways a hundred times during her tour—by Service girls, munition workers, soldiers, sailors, airmen, lively youngsters to whom she gave autographs, and darling, shy little cripples with whom she chatted in hospital.

Even people who didn't meet her personally, but just were caught for a moment in the brief spell of her smile, were aware of her warm personality.

"Gee, isn't she grand? Did you see her wave to us?"

"She was so interested in our work, and told us about the girls in America."

"Oo-er—what a nice lady"—this from a little, fair-haired tot just taking her first stumbling steps in irons at an orthopaedic hospital.

And I heard all these comments summed up in one phrase by a Service girl who was among those chosen to wait on her at Government House, Canberra.

"Mrs. Roosevelt is a REAL person."

That is exactly what she is—a real person. She has won her personality the hard way—by meeting and facing life honestly.

What she is doing now in Australia she has been doing for a score of years in her own country. Though born with a silver spoon in her mouth, she decided, comparatively early in her married life, that, as she herself expresses it, "Society (with a capital S) isn't important."

So she decided to find out for herself how the other half lives. She has made countless contacts at first hand with all sorts of people, finding out the smallest details of how they live, what they eat and drink and wear and think, how they bring up their children, their hopes, fears, dreams.

She is the world's greatest woman specialist on human beings.

So her vision of the future is founded on the firm rock of this knowledge of human beings. She takes into account their imperfections as well as their ideals. Mainly, she knows, men and women want the simple, decent, homely, neighborly things.

These things, she holds, are among the basic rights of everyone—education, a decent wage, medical care.

But she constantly repeats that each individual in a democracy must accept its responsibilities as well as its privileges.

"I have no blueprint for a Utopia," she said at one Press conference.

Her conception of democracy is based on the Golden Rule.

It is the rule which governs her own life. That, of course, is the secret of her charm.

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Editorial

SEPTEMBER 18, 1943

ITALY SURRENDERS

ITALY'S unconditional surrender brought the first instalment of victory to the fighting peoples of the United Nations.

It came just three years and three months after Mussolini's boastful declaration of war on June 10, 1940, when he thought that Britain and France were both mortally wounded.

It was an inglorious beginning to a story that has now reached an inglorious ending.

In all that three years Italy has written no chapter worthy of her great traditions.

Her fleet could not be tempted into action. Her armies failed dismally in Egypt and Libya, in Greece and Abyssinia.

When their Nazi partners in crime have been cleared from their country, the Italians must begin the long uphill climb from the depths in which they are sunk to some higher level where the world may respect them again.

Though they have failed disastrously in war, there is no reason why they may not succeed in peace, for which their national talents are better suited.

In centuries past they have given the world some of its finest treasures of art and song; they have proved themselves to have the qualities of a great and lovable people, and these are the qualities they must find again.

Their country is a storehouse of beauty that belongs to the whole world, and it is hoped that most of this will now be saved from the shambles of war.

The Allied Nations have been their enemies, but, as the bitterness of combat fades, memories of friendship will be revived and kindness for this unhappy people be born again.

—THE EDITOR.

Good-bye to home—airman's last letter

After they had received word that their son, Sgt.-Observer Leo McCormack, had been killed in an aircraft accident over the Irish Sea, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin McCormack, received a letter from him.

He had left the letter with his best friend, Flying-Officer R. S. Williams, to be posted to his family if he should not "come back some night."

This is Sgt.-Observer McCormack's inspiring letter:

"DEAR Home—It may be that I will not come back some night from the operations which are our part in the scheme of things.

"The possibility is always there, and while I have no premonition of death, I am preparing for that possibility by leaving this letter in the care of my best friend, Dick Williams.

"You must have no regrets, only a deep pride in the knowledge that one of your sons has been granted the honor of dying for his ideals. We all must make sacrifices, and your sacrifice is greater than mine.

"I give only a life which was first given to me by you.

"I give it cheerfully because I believe that a world as yet unborn will be forever free from the terrorism and tyranny and horror, which our world has known.

"I am proud that our country has earned her place as a foundation member of a free world.

"The benefits of this war will not be reaped immediately after victory. Many people will be blinded by bitterness and greed, many more will become apathetic through the inevitable delays and confusion.

"Only a comparative few will possess the initiative and courage and tenacity of purpose to make concrete realities out of the ideals for which we are now fighting.

"That is why you will make your sacrifice as cheerfully as I do. You will realise that yours is the task we cannot attempt, that yours is the obligation we cannot share.

"You must never lose sight of the ultimate aim, a decent world for everybody.

"It must never be allowed to happen again, that people should be barred from sharing the heritage that is theirs by right.

"I speak for youth everywhere, in any country, when I insist none of us are fighting just for patriotism, or loyalties, or religions.

"We are not dying that any one country, or group of countries, can dominate a world by force.

"We are fighting and dying so that the average man will receive a fair deal, no matter what he does, or where he breathes.

"Just recognition of the right of man to a decent living, to happiness, to personal freedom, must be given.

"When this recognition comes, though we are not alive to see it, you will be happy, for you will know we have not died in vain.

"When this war is ended and secrets have to be kept no longer, you will learn just what my job was, how important it was, and how worthwhile. At present all I can say is that I am navigating night fighters.

"I feel great satisfaction to know that through our efforts some little toddler may some day learn that the night sky is something beautiful to love and admire; not just a huge bomb bay for fire and death, that some young mother may not fear the coming of night, that young men can look forward to rearing their children in a better world than we have known, and look to a future without an unknown dread.

"That is the satisfaction that is mine to-day, and which, dear Home, must be yours till we meet again.

"I am not afraid of death. It comes swiftly, without pain or suffering, in our job, Mum and Dad. It comes quickly and I can meet it unafraid, because I know I am doing a far better thing than I have ever done.

"I could not have wished for more than I have had—grand people, a good home, love and happiness unmarred by anything. I owe such a lot to you, Mum and Dad, Jim, and girls, and I know that by dying I have repaid just a little, and, knowing this, I die happy and content."

ACK-ACK GUNNERS near Wau, in New Guinea. Left to Right.—Back Row: Cpl. M. Levi (Vic.), Sgt. J. Ritchie (Vic.). Front Row: Pte. J. Renney (Vic.), Sig. N. Ritchie (Qld.), Bdr. M. Coomber, Gnr. N. Gallop, Gnr. O. Wilding, Bdr. R. Brightfield, Gnr. O. P. Watt, all from N.S.W.

EMPIRE AIR TRAINEES in the snow in Canada. Photo sent by P/O. Ron Howitt to his mother, in Enfield, N.S.W.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 5/- is paid.

A prisoner in Stalag VIIIB to a friend in Campsie, N.S.W.:

"WE are having lovely weather here just at present, and are also enjoying a few free days from work being Easter.

"Friday and to-day we had a couple of good football matches, regular Army v The Rest.

"To-night, being Easter Sunday, we held a combined Easter and Anzac service.

"There are 63 of us on this party, with a fair percentage of Aussies, and, believe me, the service was very impressive.

"I sounded the 'Last Post' and 'Reveille.' This was my fourth Anzac service since leaving Australia."

Flt.-Sgt. John Cusack, with a Ventura bomber squadron in England, to Miss Catherine Gunn, 10 Walter St., Ascot Vale, Vic.:

"WE had a great day a few days back, a visit from their Majesties the King and Queen, and what a to-do for days before—bags of cleaning, scrubbing, scouring, and what have you.

"When the big day arrived our kites were lined up most impressively, with ourselves in front of them.

"Was introduced to King George, and had quite a chat with Queen Elizabeth.

"She certainly is very nice and very natural. She's got a very infectious grin, or, should I say, smile, and is a most gracious person."

Could your letter help an enemy?

New campaign aims to make you "think before you write"

Women's letters mean more work for mail censors than men's.

This is not necessarily because women are more careless than men in information they give in their letters, but because women write far more letters overseas at present than men do.

THE Commonwealth Security Service is conducting a "Think before you write" campaign to impress on letter-writers the necessity for observing security regulations.

Newspapers, radio stations, schools, and churches are co-operating in the campaign.

"There is now a hundred per cent. censorship of letters going outside Australia," said a spokesman of the Service.

"Most people who give information of use to the enemy in their letters do so unwittingly.

"Others leave it to the censor to make deletions, instead of assisting the censor by thinking beforehand what information might be dangerous to themselves or their loved ones in enemy hands.

"Many women have been writing letters that would be of assistance to the enemy through sheer kindness of heart.

"In Australian capitals, especially Sydney, many families meet and ask to their homes members of the merchant marine and Allied naval men. Later they write overseas to relatives of these men saying they have entertained them.

"This information could convey clearly to the enemy the route of convoys and some idea of dates of sailing, and assist in pin-pointing the location of naval vessels.

"It would help us considerably if people would postpone writing such letters for a month or two after their seafaring guests have been in the country."

The following extract is from a woman's letter, in which she said she had been to a luncheon party:

"I have quite a few bits of news to pass on to you. I made a note of them as my memory is not to be trusted when it comes to names of ships.

"Here they are —— the —— was sunk in —— by a Jap cruiser. The —— is handed over to an Australian company. Capt. ——, ex ——, has transferred to the —— as chief officer. The —— and —— and —— have Australian crews."

Here is another from a passenger describing a journey to Australia:

"We joined that ship at —— that night, and then sailed to —— and anchored in the harbor for a day. Left —— on ——

"We had a corvette for an escort for about four days after we left ——. After that we met a tanker a couple of days later. We had a cargo of shells, army truck parts, and 16 big tanks up on deck.

"We called at —— for about half an hour on —— We spent about —— days coming over."

"Many people adopt the attitude that as the censor knows much more about security regulations than they do they might as well write their letters without any thought of censorship and leave everything to the censor," the security officer continued.

"It is true that we have 100 per cent. censorship, and that there is a very large staff of competent experts to deal with mail, but no system of censorship can be perfect. There is always the personal element.

"Some censors may have more experience than others. They are not always in good form. They suffer with human ailments like anybody else, and, when off-color, their efficiency may be affected."

Whenever a passage is censored from a letter the offending sentences are copied, together with the letter-writer's name and address, and sent to Security Service Headquarters.

If the offence is not a serious one the letter-writer is given a friendly warning. More serious breaches can mean a fine, and in some cases have led to imprisonment.

TO assist the mail censor, these are the Dont's you should observe in writing your letters.

Don't mention:
Troop movements.
Shipping movements.
Munition production.
Location of aerodromes, munition factories, ammunition dumps.

In short, don't mention anything connected with our war effort which might be of interest to the enemy.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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HELEN ACTON, whose charming voice is heard in "Australia Sings," from 2GB, on Saturday nights at 8.

England's story in drama

"The Toast is England," a session featuring interludes from England's crowded pages of history, will be broadcast again from 2GB at 7.15 p.m. on Sundays.

THIS session has been revived by popular request, and is written and produced by E. Mason Wood, who is also responsible for the narration.

It is appropriately revived in this month of September, which marks the fourth year of England's war with Germany.

"The Toast is England" is a cavalcade of memories and melodies of the homeland.

It tells of the days of Shakespeare, of the love of Englishmen for England—proved on innumerable occasions by their bravery and sacrifice, by such men as Nelson, whose signal is still the watchword of the Navy.

It also tells of such men as Captain Cook, son of a farm laborer, destined to be an empire builder.

The stories also show that England's glory was not all attained at the point of the sabre and the boom of the cannon. Men in all walks of life have given generously, not only to England, but to the world.

Among these are Isaac Newton, master of science, who elucidated many mysteries of the solar system, the earth's laws of gravity, laws of motion.

James Watt, discoverer of steam power, is another, and Caxton and his revolutionary introduction of the printing press.

Men like Sir Humphrey Davy, inventor of the Davy lamp, used in mines; Michael Faraday, who was responsible for the electric dynamo; and Purcell, father of English music, are glorified in this session.

"The Toast is England," interspersed with music and poetry, has reminiscences, stories of courage and sacrifice in dark times, takes listeners on a pilgrimage across the lovely countryside of England, and gives descriptions of the meadows, and pastures, the moors, mountains, and valleys.

It depicts not only its beauty, but the turning wheels of the great industries which have played their part so nobly in adding to England's greatness.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 15: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, September 16 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, September 17: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, September 18: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Fourname."
SUNDAY, September 19 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, September 20: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, September 21: Musical Alphabet.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, and Teller Smith, both accused of theft. Real thief is Grando, ex-assistant to Mandrake, who hypnotises his victims. Grando captures Narda and Smith, intending to kill them, but is interrupted by arrival of Mandrake and police. He hypnotises Narda, knocks out Smith with a poker, which he places in Narda's hand, then escapes through the chimney.

NOW READ ON:

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PICTORIAL RECORD OF FIRST LADY'S

SMILING CHEERFULLY. America's First Lady has covered so much ground since her arrival in Australia, keeping scores of official engagements, that she has been christened "Public Energy No. 1."

FOUR LAND ARMY GIRLS—Misses Frances McLean, Leslie Calderwood, Mrs. [illegible] were among the first Australians to meet Mrs. Roosevelt. They are workers at [illegible]

FIRST LADY MEETS AN AUSTRALIAN NATIVE. Mrs. Roosevelt, at her [illegible] Park, Sydney, where she saw some koalas. She nursed one for a few minutes but [illegible] and clawed at her, scratching her hand.

SYDNEY WOMEN'S WELCOME. Nearly 3000 women were at the Sydney Town Hall, and thousands more heard Mrs. Roosevelt's address through amplifiers outside the building.

MEETING SERVICEWOMEN. This was a proud moment for a member of the W.A.A.A. one of a group who formed a guard of honor for Mrs. Roosevelt in Melbourne.

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TOUR

...Brown, Miss Marjorie Craig—
...Council of Scientific Research.

AT THE STATE LUNCHEON, Mr. Curtin presented Mrs. Roosevelt with a photographic copy of Captain Cook's journal. At her right, Mr. Nelson T. Johnson and Mrs. Forde, wife of the Deputy Prime Minister.

HOSPITAL VISIT. Mrs. Roosevelt, using a loudspeaker, addressed American servicemen and hospital personnel gathered on the balconies of No. 4 U.S. General Hospital, in Melbourne.

...request, made a visit to Taronga
...that it was in an uncertain mood,

WITH U.S. NURSES. Thirty nurses gathered round Mrs. Roosevelt at the Nurses' Club in Macleay Street, Sydney, and, at her request, told her of adventures at battle-stations.

ANZAC SALUTE. V.A. Rosalind Bowman, of the 113th A.G.H., begs an autograph while the guard, Pte. Terry Smyth, salutes. Pte. Smyth is a Digger of two wars. Mrs. Roosevelt remarked that one war should be enough for any man.

...A.S.,

WITH MEMBERS OF W.R.A.N.S. Mrs. Roosevelt hurried on from luncheon in an R.A.A.F. mess to meet 200 Wrans at a Melbourne naval establishment.

AMONG THE WAAAFS. As she inspected a W.A.A.A.F. guard of honor, Mrs. Roosevelt shook hands and spoke to each member, making the day one they'll never forget.

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Continuing . . . Lady In Hazard

from page 7

"YOU mean you've been in the house all the time?" cried Sheila, incredulously.

"In the house?" He laughed. "Lord, no. You wouldn't catch me living in this old ruin. I got a room on top of the stables. That's where I hang out. Looks like you been here the whole night."

"A friend and I from Red Shutters were out for a walk late yesterday afternoon, and were caught in the rain," Sheila explained. "We came here for shelter."

"What a place to pick!"

"It was better than nothing. We didn't know the house was empty."

"It's been empty for—I dunno how long. Weren't you scared, two girls on your own?"

"I had a man with me." Sheila felt herself flushing absurdly. "He's down at the road now, trying to stop someone going past, so that we can get a ride."

"A man!" His eyes opened a trifle wider. "Oh, well, that's different. You'd be all right. I didn't understand. What a pity you didn't think of coming up to the stables."

"We would have if we'd known there was anyone there. But we didn't even know there were stables."

"It isn't much, you know, but it's better than here. Funny thing," he added, confidentially, "but I sometimes stop here weeks on end and scarcely see a soul, then there's what practically amounts to a rush. Yesterday evening a young lady in a car, and now you."

"In a car?" Sheila's heart measured a sickening interval. "A young lady?"

"Bit of a girl, really. She was trying to make Red Shutters, and having all sorts of trouble with the car in the rain and dark. She saw me walking across with a lantern, and came up to see if I had a telephone."

"What sort of car?"

"I didn't really notice. I'm not up in cars. A little yellow car. I haven't got no telephone, of course, else I'd have rung Fielding up, or tried to. I offered to walk across and tell him, but she wouldn't have that, and, between ourselves, I wasn't sorry."

"Where is she now?" demanded Sheila.

The little man looked amazed at her vehemence.

"Over at my place having a bit of breakfast. She stopped all night, on a shakedown in the kitchen. Sporting about it all, she was. I'll say that. Took it all in her stride. Some girls would a' been worried, but not her. Come to think of it—" he cocked his head on one side—"She looks a bit like you. Why, what's the trouble, miss?"

"I must see her—at once."

"That's all right. Why not? Come right on over."

Sheila seized her coat and bag. "Which way?"

"I'll show you. But what about your friend?"

"I can't wait. I'll tell him afterwards."

"I'll slip back and tell him myself, if you like."

"Afterwards. Show me the way, first."

She hurried after him down the long passage to the kitchen, out through the drenched, neglected garden and across the muddy yard. The stables loomed up out of the rain—a long, two-storied building, with enormous coach-houses and innumerable loose boxes.

Despite rain and wind the little man was still loquacious.

"I live up top. Men's rooms they uster be. Great sport, the chap who built this place, so the old hands uster say. Used to give as much for a horse as you and I would for a motor car. Sometimes he'd have fifty or sixty horses here — good ones, too, some of them. Wonderful how times change, ain't it?"

He steered her into one of the coach-houses. At the rear was a steep flight of steps leading to a rickety landing above.

"It don't look too safe," said the little man, "but I'll guarantee it. I been up and down dozens of times, and I ain't the man to risk his neck. I better go first."

The steps creaked under their combined weight. He reached the landing, and she heard the creaking of a drawn-back bolt. For a moment she hesitated before the open door.

"After you, miss."

Still she paused. He stretched out a powerful hand, seized her by the shoulder, and gave her a push which sent her half a dozen yards into the room beyond. The door slammed. Margaret came towards her, arms outstretched.

"Oh, Sheila, Sheila . . . You don't know what it's been like . . ."

. . . . . .

Neither rain nor wind showed sign of moderating. Low flying cloud-wrack held the world in a dim twilight. Cunningham heard the sound of a plane over the roar of the storm. He did not envy the fliers.

Only half an hour had passed. Was it worth while waiting? No one had come along the road, nor, in such weather, were they likely to. He was wet through, and the wind slashed like a razor. He felt hungry. To go without food for a long period did not matter to him, but how would Sheila fare? Storm or no storm, there was nothing for it but to start out on foot.

Someone must live within a practicable distance. To wait here any longer was madness. They should have set out before, whatever the risk of being seen by Fielding's gang. Precious hours had been squandered to no purpose.

He left the inadequate shelter of a tree to take a last look up and down the road, and to his surprise saw a car coming over the crest of the hill from the direction of the crossroads. Falway's car.

There was no mistaking, even at that distance and in that visibility, the lines of the big black sedan. There was no time to ponder. In a matter of seconds the car would be abreast of the gate. If it passed on, all was well. But if not . . .

Cunningham ran back towards the house as fast as his numbed legs could move him. If they were coming to search here, he could count on a delay of a minute or two while they opened the gate. He heard the car stop, and then, as he was dodging from tree to tree towards the house, the engine began snarling in low gear as it mounted the slippery rise from the road to the verandah. Reaching the verandah, he hurled himself through the front door and down the passage.

"Sheila! Sheila!"

There was no answer but the sound of his own pounding footsteps. The room in which he had left her was empty. The fire had died to a heap of red embers already filmed with grey. Her bag and hat had gone from the nail where they had been hanging.

Cunningham stared aghast. Perhaps she had gone in search of more wood—but, no, most of the fuel he had left was still untouched. The state of the fire indicated that she had been absent some time. But where—and why? What folly was this?

The car, still in low gear, was coming slowly up the drive. Once more Cunningham raced through the house, peering into empty rooms. He opened the back door, and saw nothing but the driving rain, heard no answer to his shouts.

As he paused irresolute, he realised that the car had not stopped in front of the house, but was coming round to the back. Possibly Falway, or whoever was driving, thought it would be more secure from observation there.

Cunningham saw it pull up just outside the garden gate. He thought of retreating back through the house, but there was no certainty that someone had not been posted at the front door as the car came round. But if retreat might be dangerous, it was equally impossible to stay where he was. He had already looked into the pantry which opened off the kitchen; now he dived back into it, and quietly closed the door.

Peering cautiously from the tiny broken window he saw the invaders tramping down the path. First came Fielding, his vast bulk wrapped in a glistening rubber coat. Next was Falway. Behind him was Halburn. So he, too, was in it, thought Cunningham grimly. Last of all, came von Graupner himself.

They tramped into the kitchen. Cunningham transferred from the window to one of a series of small ventilator holes bored in the pantry door. He had lost all sense of danger. It was always that way, he thought. You worried yourself stiff over what might happen, and when it was imminent you felt nothing more than a quickening of the senses.

Even upon Cunningham, peering through his peephole, von Graupner's personality had its effect. He seemed to reduce every man there, even the monstrous Fielding, to dwarfish insignificance. In that desolate house, loud with the sound of wind and beating rain, his clothes were incongruous.

Cunningham wondered where he had got them, until it dawned on him that they must have been in the suitcase for whose safety Halburn had been so solicitous on the drive from Merringbah. Over a well-cut suit of tweeds he wore a magnificent overcoat, belted at the waist. A dark green hat sat jauntily upon his massive head, and he carried a pair of fur-lined gloves.

Except for that brief dramatic glimpse of the night before, it was five years since Cunningham had seen him, but he had changed little. Time sat lightly on him. His out-thrust jaw was harder and more arrogant, perhaps; his eyes more coldly contemptuous, but von Graupner had been out to please in those days.

Had pleased, too, if it came to that. It was not hard to believe that an impulsive girl might have been impressed by that undeniably striking appearance; the charm of manner he could assume at will, like a uniform; the legend of chivalry that had gathered about him second only to the glamor surrounding the dead von Richtofen.

Now the glamor was gone, the carefully built-up legend of chivalry dissipated. Von Graupner had long since been revealed as a crafty and ruthless foe, with no more gallantry than a vulture.

A man came hurrying into the kitchen—a little man, wrapped in voluminous oilskins.

"Here's Shasters now!" cried Fielding. Cunningham stiffened with interest. So this was the mysterious Shasters, the man of whom he had only heard by implication, the invisible background of all this. "Perhaps he knows something—they've bolted," Fielding called. "That fellow Cunningham and the other girl."

SHASTERS was smiling. "I got her over there with her sister. Tricked her neatly. I tipped that was what it might be. Good day, Mr. Falway. Crook morning, isn't it?"

"Never mind the weather," exclaimed Falway. "What about the man? Where's he? They both went together."

"He'll be somewhere about. She said he was. You didn't see him when you drove up?"

"Not a sign of him," said Fielding. "But he won't be far away."

"He might have cleared out and gone for help. You should have tried to stop him," put in Falway. He was obviously nervous and uneasy. Of them all, indeed, von Graupner seemed the least concerned. But the watching Cunningham knew that his air of icy disinterest was only the scum that covered the molten metal beneath.

For a moment the three men—Fielding, Falway, and Shasters—snarled at each other like angry and frightened curs. Halburn stood apart, looking in bewilderment from one to the other, like a man who only knew half the story.

Von Graupner broke in harshly. "Enough of this," he said. "We'll soon find out which way this man has gone. The woman will tell us."

"You won't get much out of her," said Shasters, in the aggrieved tone of a man against whom a vote of no-confidence has been passed.

"So you may imagine, my friend," said the German. "But there are ways of making a girl open her mind freely."

"Wait!" protested Falway. "You couldn't——"

"Why not?" von Graupner smiled coldly. "This may be a game with you. But not for me . . ."

From the pantry window Cunningham watched the quintet hurrying down the path through the garden. As soon as they were out of sight behind the ragged hedge he was after them, crouching low, taking cover behind the car, which had been left just outside the garden gate. From here he saw them striding towards the stables.

Sweat drenched him. The wind blew cold against his skin. He stood appalled at the nightmare thought of his own helplessness. One by one the men vanished into the coach-house at the end of the stable buildings. Five of them, while he was one man, alone, as powerless as though he had been a world away.

Only to possess a gun just for five short minutes. But he had no weapon. Nothing but his two hands. Unless there was something in the car . . .

The doors of the big sedan were locked. He could see nothing through the rain-blurred windows but a pile of coats and rugs in the rear seat. He picked up a piece of rock and shattered the driver's window to fragments, thrust a hand through, opened the door, and jumped in. He flung the rugs aside, burst open the glove locker, searched the side pockets.

He found nothing. The ignition-key had been taken from the lock.

But there was petrol—four tins of it, probably taken from Fielding's private hoard—stacked against the rear of the front seat, and roped in position with a stout cord. Here at least was the means of creating a diversion.

The starting handle lay on the floor; with it he smashed in the heads of the tins, pouring the contents at random over coats and rugs and upholstery, splashing it over the dashboard, flooding the car. Three of the tins he left still flowing; the fourth, half-emptied, he carried out, running a trail of petrol over the wet grass towards the shelter of a tree.

A lighted match hurled a blaze of fire at the car. Windscreen and windows were shattered by a terrific explosion. Cunningham crouched low to avoid flying fragments of glass. A sheet of flame roared skyward.

Fielding came running from the stables like a man pursued by fate, his vast bulk shaking like a blancmange. Shasters followed; then von Graupner and Halburn. Last came Falway, slowly, waving his arms, shouting incoherently.

Before Fielding had covered half the distance the tank of the car exploded, showering blazing petrol over a radius of thirty yards. Fire was everywhere now. Panned by the gale, it leaped into the branches of the nearby trees; it hissed in pools amid the wet grass. Black smoke swirled away on the wind.

Still carrying the starting handle, Cunningham started to run for the stables. He heard confused shouts, and saw Shasters cutting across to block the way. Without hesitation he lunged with the starting handle, driving the point of it into the man's stomach. Shasters doubled up like a jack-knife and collapsed writhing.

Cunningham passed Falway, who had apparently given up hope, and stood watching the blaze, his face a white mask of despair.

Halburn came pounding behind him. Cunningham turned, brandishing the starting handle. But von Graupner had seen what was happening, too, and was returning, pulling a pistol from his pocket as he ran. Fielding lumbered after him.

To be concluded

Animal Antics

"I've got a job now, but I want one with more regular hours."

— the Toast is "ENGLAND"

A cavalcade of memories and melodies of the Homeland . . . interesting facts about its ancient and present glories.

2GB Sun., 7.15 p.m.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

BECAUSE of the position of Uranus and Mercury, two planets which influence human intellect, the next few weeks are likely to be a period of some confusion.

Cranks may have too much say in affairs, constructive plans may be endlessly debated and decisions delayed.

Yet some of the seemingly illogical changes in the coming week may turn out surprisingly well.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Get semi-important things in hand now, then live quietly for some weeks. Most days good from dawn to past midnight, excepting around sunrise and early evening. September 16 good to midday.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Make hay while your star shines. Opportunities and beneficial changes or other gains possible. Plan well and work hard, seeking desired goals. September 14, before 10 a.m., September 15, except near sunrise and dusk, September 16, to midday and near midnight, September 17, especially around 8 a.m. and dusk, and September 19, to 10 p.m., are all good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be guarded; delays, difficulties, worries, and annoyances predominate. Especially on September 14, 19, 20, and 21. Routine best.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): September 14, before 10 a.m., September 17, round 8 a.m. and dusk, or September 19, from 2 to 10 p.m., helpful in semi-important matters.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Good weeks ahead, so plan and work well. September 15 good excepting around 8 a.m. and early evening; September 16 good to midday, fair to 10 p.m.; then good; September 18, from 3 to 10 p.m., and September 20, late evening, helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Opportunities and gains possible. Utilise September 17 in the early morning and at dusk, midday hours fair; September 18, early afternoon poor, balance very fair; September 19, near 3 a.m. and 2 p.m., good; September 14, 18 (late), 20, 21, poor.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): September 18, evening fair, excepting 8.30 to 11 p.m.; September 20, late evening, helpful. Routine work best now.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): September 14, before 11 a.m., September 15, dawn to midnight, excepting around sunrise and dusk, September 16, morning, all very fair. Other days in this week tricky.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Upsets, obstacles, discord, delays possible for unwary Sagittarians, especially on September 14, 19, 20, and 21. Live quietly.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Seek desired goals, favors, gains this week, then live quietly for a while. September 14 helpful to 11 a.m.; September 17 good to 8 p.m., best near 3 a.m. and around dusk; September 18 early afternoon poor, balance fair; September 19 fair to 8 p.m.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Opportunities, changes, gains soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, September 15 fair; excepting around sunrise and dusk; September 16, morning, very fair; September 19 very fair from 3 p.m. to midnight, excepting 8.30 to 11 p.m.; September 20, late evening, fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A week for caution if you would avoid losses, separations, opposition, and upsets, especially on September 14, early and late, September 15, afternoon of September 18, late on September 19, and all September 20 and 21. Live quietly, avoid changes or discord.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"That eye isn't part of the accident, officer. He got that trying to kiss me!"

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

F710

F9

F254

"DOROTHY." CHARMING STYLE IN SUMMER FLORAL.

This dainty little model is fashioned in a rayon flat crepe in all-over pattern floral design featuring pink, blue, green, or cyclamen.

The design shows a new shoulder-yoke, well extended sleeve at the shoulder, buttoned front, turned back collar, and a slim skirt with front fullness featured by way of tucks falling into unpressed pleats. The back of the skirt is straight.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 67/6 (13 coupons); sizes 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 59/11 (13 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

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How to obtain **"DOROTHY"**: In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3698RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust, length, and hip measurements, and name of model.

F9. — English Board of Trade design which has become the craze in America; will be popular here. Size, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 22 yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 2/7.

F197

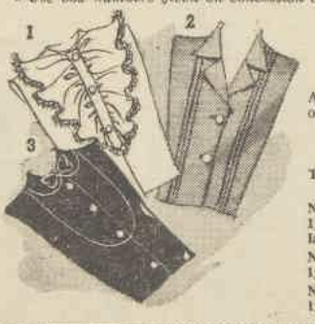
F197.—Chic blouse for late afternoon or evening wear. Sizes, 32 to 36-inch bust. Requires 11 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F254. — Comfy, well-designed 'jama suit for girls 4 to 10 years of age. Requires 3yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F710.—Designed for smart afternoon wear. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F6647



1 2 3

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To fit sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Material required, 1yd., 36ins. wide, 1½yds. lace frilling.

No. 2.—Material required, 1yd., 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Material required, 1yd., 36ins. wide.

F6647.—Unusually lovely pyjama suit. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

Needlework Notions

SUNSUIT FOR SMALL BOY

Because it is traced with an elephant motif he will adore this snappy suit: It's such a healthful garment for summer wear. Suitable for play hours in the sunshine, or for other occasions worn over shirt or blouse. The suit is traced clearly on good, hard-wearing cotton linette in shades of green, lemon, blue, pink, natural; also white. Ready to cut out and sew. Size: 1 to 2 years, 3/3 and 4 coupons; size 3 to 4 years, 3/11 and 4 coupons; size 4 to 6 years, 4/3 and 4 coupons; plus 2½d. postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 390

390

DAINTY FROCK FOR INFANT

With the pattern traced on good quality white rayon crepe-de-chine, this charming little frock for the infant is available in sizes infants to 6 months, and 6 to 12 months.

Note the quaintly shaped yoke, short puff sleeves, and long, flowing, fully gathered skirt.

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DON'T be disappointed if your needlework order doesn't reach you by return post. Under present conditions, delays are unavoidable. You can be sure your order will be despatched as soon as possible.

392

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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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STATE.....

SIZE.....

Pattern Coupon, 18/9/43.

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SOCIAL HIGHLIGHTS OF HISTORIC VISIT...

STATE LUNCHEON. British High Commissioner, Sir Ronald Cross, and Lady Cross arrive at State luncheon at Canberra.

GREETING MRS. ROOSEVELT. Lord and Lady Wakehurst are at the airport to meet America's First Lady on her arrival in Sydney. A day of feverish activity followed.

AT TOWN HALL, the Lord Mayor of Sydney (Alderman R. J. Bartley) greets Mrs. Roosevelt when she attends the women's welcome, for which the Town Hall was filled to capacity.

FIRST LADY LUNCHES. Mrs. Roosevelt, hatless for once, lunches in the R.A.A.F. mess in Melbourne with officers of women's services. With her is Group-Officer Clare Stevenson, Director of W.A.A.A.F.

EXPRESSIVE HANDS. Mrs. Roosevelt uses her expressive hands continuously in conversation. This characteristic photo was taken at the Press conference at the Australia Hotel.

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL, Sir Iven Mackay, and Lady Mackay meet Mrs. Roosevelt at the airport, while U.S. General T. E. Riley looks on. A small official party welcomes Mrs. Roosevelt, who, after a few minutes, leaves for the Australia Hotel.

CONVERSATION PIECE. The Chinese Minister, Mr. Hsu Mo, and Mrs. Hsu Mo talk with veteran Senator Collings prior to the State luncheon.

DIRECTOR of American Red Cross Officers' Club, Mrs. Helen Baumberger, greets Mrs. Roosevelt at the club during her Sydney visit.

ARRIVING AT PARLIAMENT HOUSE for the State luncheon are Soviet Minister Mr. A. P. Vlasov and Mrs. Vlasov, who recently joined Canberra's diplomatic circle.

FIRST LADY. Mrs. Roosevelt (right), her cousin, Mrs. Randolph Kidder (left), and Mrs. Nelson T. Johnson (seated), wife of the American Minister, have a few minutes' conversation in the lounge of the Hotel Canberra, at the Federal Ministers' reception for Mrs. Roosevelt.

SHARING A JOKE. Mrs. Roosevelt and Lady Gowrie laugh together at their first meeting at Canberra. Mrs. Roosevelt is noted for her happy sense of humor.

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Movie World

● *Acclaimed in America as the outstanding radio star of the year, vivacious Dinah Shore is first favorite with the boys in camp, and works tirelessly answering their letters, which come from all over the world. Dinah is now under contract to Warners, and her husky "blues" voice will be heard in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," which features Eddie Cantor and most of Warners' top-ranking stars. While working on the film this young singer will continue to conduct her own Sunday night radio series.*

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"HOW did Pat change so quickly?" he thinks. That caressable, satiny skin comes from Rexona Soap. Its creamy-soft, medicated lather wakes up tired complexions . . . helps the pores throw off their poisons. No other soap contains all Rexona's medications. Why don't you try it? You'll love its delicate fragrance and those medicaments will keep your complexion ever fresh and youthful.

REXONA SOAP is medicated with Cadyl and in addition contains Oil of Cassia, Oil of Cloves, Oil of Terebinth, Bornyl Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X.30.39

Forever and a day

1 IN AIR-RAID SHELTER, curate (Herbert Marshall) speaks to crowd, and Leslie Trimble (Ruth Warrick) tells Gates Pomfret (Kent Smith) the story of the house which has belonged to their respective families for centuries.

2 FIRST Bill Trimble (Ray Milland) married Susan (Anna Neagle) and incurred wrath of Pomfret (C. Rains).

3 POMFRET'S grandson (Ian Hunter) united families when he married Bill's granddaughter (J. Matthews)

4 HOUSEMAID (Ida Lupino) marries coalman (Brian Aherne), descendant of Trimble's; they go to America.

5 SON (R. Cummings) returns to find old home a guest-house and marries receptionist (Merle Oberon).

6 AFTER RAID Leslie discovers house has been wrecked, but she and Gates decide to rebuild it.

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For Exciting New Beauty . . .

The glamor secret of Hollywood's most alluring stars—lovely color that flatters the natural beauty of your skin—can be yours with personalized Color-Harmony Make-Up created by MAX FACTOR, ★ HOLLYWOOD. There is a color harmony in Max Factor Powder, Rouge, and Lipstick originally created for screen star types, that will be perfectly lovely and flattering for you . . . Post Coupon, to-day, for your own personalized Color Harmony Make-Up Chart.

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MAX FACTOR, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send me my Color Harmony Chart listing the correct shades of Max Factor powder, rouge and lipstick for my personal use. FREE

Complexion: Very Light ☐ Fair ☐ Creamy ☐ Medium ☐ Ruddy ☐ Sallow ☐ Freckled ☐ Olive ☐
Eyes: Blue ☐ Grey ☐ Green ☐ Hazel ☐ Brown ☐ Black ☐
Lashes: Light ☐ Dark ☐
Hair: Blonde: Light ☐ Dark ☐ Brunette: Light ☐ Dark ☐ Brunette: Light ☐ Dark ☐ Redhead: Light ☐ Dark ☐ (If hair is grey, check light-shade and hazel)
Skin: Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐
Lips: Moist ☐ Dry ☐
Age
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RKO'S "Forever and a Day" was nearly two years in the making, and has a cast of 78 top stars and featured players. Originally planned as a solely British picture for the benefit of British war charities, production plans were revised when the United States entered the war. It includes many distinguished Americans in its cast, and a large share of the profit will go to American war relief. The proceeds from the distribution in each country will accrue to the benefit of some charity to be named by the Government of that country.

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Please complete this coupon carefully, enclose the necessary amount, and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly in your own State, as under:

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For preference, please send me the following pattern, etc.:—

CHOICE No. 1 .....

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If ordering "Shirley" or "Sally" we advise you to buy the complete outfit. "Shirley" 3/-, "Sally" 2/3.

Choice 2 or 3 will be used only if No. 1 is unavailable.

18/9/'43.

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JOY TOYS for CHRISTMAS!

● Solve the children's Christmas gift problems easily, inexpensively . . . Make these fascinating Joy Toys from scraps with the aid of clearly traced patterns and step-by-step directions.

Where to obtain patterns of famous Joy Toys

IF ORDERING BY MAIL USE COUPON ON OPPOSITE PAGE

PATTERNS may be had from any of The Australian Women's Weekly offices, from The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen (Sydney), from Myer's (Melbourne and Adelaide), Fitzgerald's (Hobart), and Finney Isles (Brisbane), David Jones (Sydney).

Shirley the Doll pattern costs 2/-, face mask with hair attached 6d., Shirley the Doll clothes patterns 6d. (complete, 3/-, post free).

Sally the Rag Doll pattern costs 2/-, cloth face mask 3d. (complete, 2/3, post free).

Jumbo the Elephant, Pongo the Dog, Bruno the Bear, and Peter the Rabbit patterns cost 2/- each, post free.

As only a limited number of patterns are available, a first and second choice should be made.

Anyone can make these lovely toys. Illustrated diagrams accompany the sheet of directions.

Bring joy to the hearts of the kiddies at Christmas time. Secure patterns **now!**

(Above): Lovely SHIRLEY THE DOLL. Pattern, plus directions for making her, costs 2/-; clothes patterns, 6d.; face mask with hair, 6d. (complete, 3/-). Right: BRUNO THE BEAR: Pattern and directions cost 2/-, post free.

Below you see darling SALLY THE RAG DOLL. Pattern costs 2/-; cloth face mask, 3d. Complete 2/3, post free.

Above you see JUMBO THE ELEPHANT, that is destined to thrill the heart of your cherub. Pattern and easy-to-follow directions cost 2/- post free.

So shy and yet so cuddlesome is PETER THE RABBIT, pictured above. He's so easy to make with clearly traced pattern and explicit directions plus diagrams. Price, 2/-, post free. Make him from scraps of material; finish with a festive bow.

A very nice doggie is PONGO. He'll never bite! Pattern and directions cost 2/-, post free. Make him!

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Your reward will be a happy baby, with healthy, glowing skin, able to sleep soundly undisturbed by skin troubles.

Cuticura SOAP

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The Knightly Blade

Continued from page 4

SUDDEN light streamed out and put him front and centre before the astonished gaze of the girl framed in the glare.

"Bang? I should say it was bang!" the girl agreed with smouldering rage. "What did you have to kick up a row like that for?"

She was much as Mr. Primrose had predicted. A starched cap sat on her head. She was sleek and creamy, and she moved with all the gestures of a finished product.

"I—I didn't mean to, miss," Tatters answered with a wounded wail. "I came to take you back. You are Miss Dido, ain't you?"

"Yes. Come on in out of the light. I can get you a barge right away. Making a row like that!"

She reached out and tried to drag him inside, but Tatters drew back: "No, miss, I don't want a barge. I came to take you back. You're being rescued! Me and Mr. Primrose came to take you 'ome before Jerry nabs you."

Miss Melmerby cocked her head to one side. "Mr. Primrose? That's the young officer who brought me. What's up now?"

"You've got to come along wiv us, and bring your apron," Tatters wailed again.

"I hope you know what this is all about," she said resignedly. "I thought you were another forced-landing party. I've been getting them away on the barges to the Channel raiders. Is that Mr. Primrose out there—ticking over?"

"You'd better 'urry, miss. 'E only gave me three minutes. You'll bring your apron, won't you?"

Dido was sorting the segments of the situation. She fluttered back to a row of pegs jutting from the far wall. Her papers and faked credentials were stuffed in her heavy-greatcoat pocket, which hung on a peg side by side with her starched white apron. She slipped into the greatcoat and patted her hair.

"But your apron, miss!" Tatters began again. "You 'aven't——"

"Don't be silly! I'm wearing my coat. It's chilly aboard those bombers. I know—I've had one trip."

She darted past him and started out into the night. Tatters hesitated a second, then plunged headlong into the kitchen.

"You've got to take your apron, miss! Somebody's got to take——"

He reached up for the starched garment and stood there holding it before him. It was new and clean and stiff, and he was uncertain just how to manage it.

The obvious struck him first, and he flopped the shoulder loop over his head, stuck the big black automatic between his knees and carefully tied the broad bow behind him. The Mae West in front, the parachute pack behind, and his blank bacon-faced expression set in a leather helmet, produced a character that even G. Weston Glamorgan could never have devised during his most imaginative spasms of character development.

"I can't be seen 'lookin' like this," muttered the embarrassed Tatters. "Nobody must see——"

He started for the door, and saw the Jerry with a machine pistol in his hand. There was a space of seven drama-charged seconds during which the skinny little Bavarian stood limp with utter fascination. Tatters feared the worst — that the man would start laughing at him!

"What you are?" the little Bavarian sergeant started to say. His eyes were widening with disbelief, and his machine pistol was gradually lowering its elevation angle. Tatters pointed ahead with his automatic, and went floundering forward like a galleon under full sail.

"Bang!" went the automatic; and the little Bavarian, who was at last beginning to submit to the comedy of the scene, never quite finished the grin he had started. He fell forward with a gurgle that sounded suspiciously like a laugh to Tatters.

"It ain't my apron!" he yelled, plunging on.

Two more figures in field-grey lurched out of the darkness beyond the kitchen door. They had been on the alert, and ripe for the capture, but their training had not included the mental and physical defence to combat any such morale-shattering experience.

They did have Mausers, but temporary paralysis prevented pulling the triggers. They simply stood there, staring at the charging apparition that threatened to mow them down, and braced themselves for the shock.

They were exploded aside by a white-sheeted, brimstone-spitting juggernaut that thundered past them into the clear, yelling in some strange foreign tongue: "Hi! Hi! . . . Dido! 'Arf a mo', Dido! I'm comin', Dido"

THE uniformed heroes of Herr Himmler's Gestapo shuddered out of their jellied-eel impotence and mustered their vocal forces. They managed to spatter off an uncertain salvo as the thundering bomber roared away into the exhaust-streaked night, but by that time Tatters had made it.

. . . . . .

To this day Corporal Oxnard is not quite certain what it was all about. All he remembers now, with stuffy embarrassment, is that both Miss Melmerby and Mr. Primrose laughed all the way back, and it wasn't until he had made his way down the amidships' hatch that he realised he was still wearing Dido's apron. To this day he can't understand why the group-captain relieved him of his embarrassment with so tender a gesture.

One thing he is certain about, however, is that Mr. Primrose has a smart little roadster, and at times he's very nice about letting Tatters borrow it whenever they can wangle a few gallons of petrol. On such occasions Corporal Oxnard usually runs over his old No. 45 bus route, and never fails to stop at Mr. Knatchbull's paper stall and swank about a bit.

But it's not that he wants to pick up the latest copy of "Topical Thriller."

"That sort of thing ain't orl it's cracked up to be!" he explains to Mr. Knatchbull.

(Copyright)

Doctor's Dilemma

Continued from page 5

IT seemed a lifetime later when Cyrus stood in the doorway of 1217 Hawkins Ferry Road, still clutching the envelope on which he had written the address. A pleasant-faced, colored woman stood smiling at him.

"Is Miss Pepper here?" Cy was breathless, though he hadn't walked more than five steps. "I got a message she was hurt. I brought an ambulance."

"Oh, Cy, you didn't." There was that light, clear voice, and here, coming into the hall, were those two shapely legs, apparently quite unhurt. "Oh, Cy, how awful of me! This," she gestured towards the woman who had led him in, "is my mother's charlady. Her husband called you for me."

"Well, what's the idea?" Cy's voice was rough with anger following relief.

The woman had vanished into the back of the house. Sally stood there facing him, and there was no embarrassment or contrition on her face. "I didn't think you'd come. I didn't think you could leave your patient . . . your vital experiment. You said this morning you couldn't."

"You knew I'd come when I heard you were hurt. You know I'd have to."

"What did you do about the man with infantile?"

"Bob Morgan and the O'Brien kid are looking after him."

"Oh." She dropped the exclamation into silence. It lay heavily between them for seconds, and to ease it he shifted his eyes to the envelope in his hands. It was the one from the Navy, the one addressed Lieut. (jg) Cyrus Harvey. Hers followed his and rested there.

"I suppose," she said finally, "I ought to feel fine being more important to Lieutenant Harvey than the United States Navy, but I don't, very."

"Listen, Sally—they told me this was an emergency. That man said . ."

"An emergency?" Her voice rose slightly. "What do you think made you get those orders? Don't you ever read the papers? Me and my silly leg, that's an emergency, enough of one to jolt you out of that smug feeling of yours that the hospital can't run without you. But what's going on all over the world, what's happening to millions of decent men and women and children . . . that's nothing.

"The fact that you're needed to help fight for something pretty wonderful—that can wait a couple of weeks until you finish your little personal experiment. Good gosh, and they say it's women that take the narrow view!"

He stood there looking at her, meeting her angry eyes with his own angry ones. But as he looked, his own gradually got less angry and less arrogant until finally he had to drop them again, to the envelope in his hand.

"All right," he said slowly, at last, "so I'm not indispensable to the hospital. So orders are orders, and I get down to the Navy Yard before midnight. You win, Sal. You win on every count. What it comes down to, I guess, is that a little part in a big job is more important than a big part in a little one. Well, of course, it is! Don't know what made me think it wasn't this morning, except," he grinned wryly, "wanting to feel like a big shot, which maybe it's time I got over."

He looked at his watch. "Nine o'clock. Three hours yet before I have to join the Navy and start seeing the world, three hours to get you home and kiss the hospital good-bye, only," he looked at her with sudden helplessness, "what am I going to do about that ambulance?"

"Maybe that ought to be my responsibility, Cy," she smiled. "I guess I can fix it. The ambulance officer and I are old chums. You just go call Dr. Everett, Lieutenant."

He went.

"Everett says to get along down there," he told her some fifteen minutes later. "Everett says he'll fix it so Bob Morgan can carry on that case. Bob might even carry it through, too. Everett says to get on down to the Navy Yard and come and straighten things out at the hospital the first time I have off. Good Guy, Everett. Well, let's get going. Orders are orders."

There was a brief dark look in her eyes. She gave her head a little shake and shook the look away and climbed into the car. "Let's have a look at those orders," she said lightly. "H'm." She held them up to the dash light to see. "What's it mean, full pay and allowances?"

"Full pay and allowances? Full pay and allowances?" He pulled the car to a sudden jerk to the nearest kerb. "Well, well, well." He turned to her with a little grin. "Full pay, Sally, is money every month. Allowances is more money every month. Allowance for food, for lodging, allowances," his eyes widened, "for dependents. Sally, Sally, any feeling against being dependent?"

Sally's reply was smothered.

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About that picture for him

● Remember this: He'll cherish a natural, happy photograph far more than a posed portrait.

By MARY ROSE
Our Beauty Expert

THIS is the kind of picture he'll like of you: a big, happy grin on your face and perhaps, holding his pet dog. Like the idea?

SEND HIM A PICTURE like this and he'll possibly say to his mates (with apologies in his voice): "Here's my girl, all done up . . ."

HE has asked you for a picture of yourself to remind him of happy times when he's far away—and, of course, you're going to have one taken for him.

Here are the secrets of having a good portrait taken:

The one big rule to remember is that the best portrait looks most natural, so measure everything you do by that yardstick. Secondly, you must realise that a camera can, and very often does, lie, whether it's taking a professional portrait or an informal snap.

Take, for instance, your hair. Ordinarily, if you want to look your best, you have your hair beautifully set about a day beforehand, so that it stays in sleek, smooth curls. But, reproduced by the camera, that newly set hair has a hard, rigid look that is most unbecoming. The prettiest hair—photographically—is very soft and very bright. So don't have your hair done immediately before the photo.

Another mistake is to think that your ordinary, every-day hair-do is not glamorous enough for such an important occasion. So you either ask your hairdresser to design you a new one, or else dress it up in some very glamorous style that you normally adopt once in a blue moon for special parties.

Then, when the photograph arrives, your boy friend says plaintively, "But it's not a bit like you, darling." And can you wonder, when it's probably years since he saw you with a hair style like that!

The next do's and dont's are concerned with make-up. It's no good making up just as you do for ordinary days, because, in the matter of coloring, the camera reacts strangely.

All dark reds will photograph black. Therefore, when you make up for your photograph use very little, very light-colored lipstick, such as light orange or brownish shades. Make the edges as clean as possible.

Remember to moisten your lips with your tongue just before the camera clicks, because it gives your mouth a fresh, dewy look.

Don't use any rouge—it will photograph as black, cadaverous shadows on your cheeks. Don't use a light powder, but choose a dark tan color.

One of the unkindest things a camera does is to exaggerate your wrinkles and obliterate fair eyebrows and lashes. A smooth foundation under a thick, even layer of powder softens the wrinkles, and the eyebrows can be darkened with a pencil. Mascara is hard to buy, but, maybe, a friend will lend you a little just to tip your lashes.

Don't get carried away and draw in unreal eyebrows, pile on eyeshadow and clot your lashes.

The big temptation will be to wear the frock he likes you in best—or the one you yourself like best. That's all right provided it measures up to these rules: it must be very plain, it must have good shoulders, it must have a simple neckline.

The best outfit is either a plain, well-cut suit or a simple frock with a plain neckline and a touch of white, such as a string of pearls or a slim white collar.

Last, and most important of all, be natural, look natural, have the sort of background that he associates with you.

Don't put on a grand dress, however lovely, and take up an exaggerated pose, however glamorous. It's a hundred to one he likes to remember you with your hair a little blown, with a big, happy grin on your face, with a background of somewhere you have been happy together—he wants his picture of you to be as simple and natural as if you yourself were there in the room with him still.

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But we all can, and should, lay by a little of our earnings in the form of War Savings Certificates.

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AND BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

SHINGLES

● Don't treat them lightly; see your doctor

By MEDICO

"IT'S shingles, and if they go right around her waist she'd better look out!" said old Granny Porter. Her granddaughter, Doris, had several painful water blisters on the side of her body near her waist.

Doris was worried by this and came to me for advice. I had to agree with her granny that she did have shingles. But don't worry about them meeting. I assured her it's one of those old sayings without any truth.

Infants and young children are seldom troubled, otherwise shingles are no respecter of ages or persons. You hear of cases all through the year, but there is a slight increase in spring. Probably because they generally seem to follow a cold, an ear infection, or sinus trouble.

They first make their appearance as a group of water blisters, each group being about the size of a coin and containing from three to one dozen or more blisters. These blisters vary in size, from the size of a pin to the head of a match.

The rash takes two to four days to develop. It will remain at a standstill for a further few days, then gradually disappear. In the meantime other fresh groups may be forming.

As a rule the rash is painful, either a constant burning, or sharp and knife-like. Often, before the rash comes out, the spot is the seat of a dull, neuralgic pain.

When the blisters become crusted, the area becomes very itchy, and the desire to scratch or rub them is almost overpowering. Resist the urge, because unsightly pitting can result.

Shingles will usually run its course in two or three weeks. Fortunately, one attack usually confers immunity.

Shingles is not a skin complaint, but is the result of an infection at the root of one or more nerves. This infection causes an inflammation in the nerve, and pain along its course. The skin over the nerve breaks out in blisters. Until the doctor comes, keep dry with a dusting powder.

Alleyne Leslie handles some posers.

Q: For two whole years Don has been taking Ann out—but never a hint of wedding bells from him. What's her best move—

1. Cut him out of her life?
2. Let him see how much she loves him and ask if he's serious?
3. Carry on and hope all will come well one day?

A: *No. 3, Ann, but with a big difference! Now's the time to wheel out your heaviest ammunition. Concentrate on a milk-and-roses complexion, line up a couple of presentable males as decoys and open your campaign. Begin the good work with Erasmic Creams. In no time you'll have him at your feet—with a sapphire in his hand and a honeymoon on his mind.*

Q: Carol is over-the-ears in love with her dearest girl friend's brother, but the girl friend knows that Carol cuts no ice with him. Should she—

1. Say nothing and hope events will save a broken heart?
2. Have an intimate talk with Carol?
3. Put brother wise?

A: *No. 2 is right, my dear. Then lend her some of your own ravishing beauty help to make her different from the other girls brother knows. See that always, under her powder, goes a film of bewitching Erasmic Vanishing Cream. Then she'll remain sweet and fetching long after the rest of the frails have wilted.*

Q: Out with a couple of girl friends, May sees the attractive captain she met for the first time last week—and he's alone! Should she—

1. Acknowledge him with a friendly, dignified nod?
2. Pretend she hasn't seen him but stay hopefully in his line of vision?
3. Go over to his table?

A: *Correct is No. 1, May. If you have that radiant complexion men can't forget, he'll be the one to make the overtures. Keep yourself in line for such thrilling moments by using Erasmic Cold Cream nightly to freshen skin and give it the satin-y look and feel that turns a girl into a real stag-line slayer.*

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Be a DIGGER *in your backyard!*

● Know how your kitchen garden can be made to yield a continuous supply of fresh, health-giving vegetables.

By OUR HOME GARDENER

YOU can't expect poor soil to produce high quality, good-sized vegetables. You must make it fertile and rich by adding old manure, compost, leaf-mould, and fertilisers.

Most of that work should have been done weeks ago, but it is not too late, if you hurry, although seed-sowing time for summer, autumn, and winter vegetables is here.

The lettuce is one of the most popular and important of our vegetables—and can rightly be termed the backbone of the salad. A good rich soil is necessary for quality lettuce. Both rotted manure and a commercial fertiliser rich in nitogen may be used. Lettuces dislike sour or acid soil, and the land should be well limed. Set out the plants in rows 16 to 18 inches apart, and allow 12 to 14 inches between the plants.

They must be kept growing at a fast rate or they will be tough and bitter to the taste.

When lettuces start to heart up they should receive regular doses of weak sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda each week. Heads should be ready for use in ten weeks.

Beetroots are hardy plants that grow well in any rich soil that is deep and has been well cultivated into a condition of fine tilth.

Sow seeds in drills in moderately rich soil and then thin out to 9ins. The seedlings transplant well, but those left standing will mature weeks ahead of those transplanted. Do not hill up beetroots. They do best when the bulbous roots are exposed to the sunlight.

Tomatoes are a difficult crop in many parts of Australia owing to the prevalence of spotted wilt, a virus disease. Seed can be sown now, but the fruit will not be available from such plants until the end of January or later.

Rich, deep soil, and an open, sunny position are needed by tomatoes, which take a long time to mature and ripen their fruit.

The home gardener is advised to follow local practice when buying seed or plants, and to obtain the sort that does best in one's particular district.

For choice tomatoes

SEED should be sown in seedbeds or boxes of good quality soil, and the plants set out when about 6ins. tall. In districts subject to spotted wilt, a disease that is carried from plant to plant by thrips (small, thread-like insects), plants should be sprayed every week with a mixture of 1oz. of tartar emetic, 4oz. brown sugar, and 4 gallons of water.

In this way the dreaded wilt disease, which is incurable, is largely avoided.

If stem-pruned they can be set out 18ins. apart, but need double this space or more if to be grown bushy. Regular feeding and watering is just as important with tomatoes as with other vegetable crops. Bone meal, blood and bone, and both superphosphate and sulphate of potash are important nutrients that should be applied generously, but sensibly, to tomato plants.

Cucumbers come into the salad section, but conditions for their growing very closely resemble those for pumpkins, marrows, and squashes.

Root crops of all kinds require soil that is rich in vegetable matter and mineral content, friable, and deep. This can be brought about by using a patch of ground that has previously been heavily manured for cabbage or cauliflower, and where the manure will have broken down and lost much of its freshness.

If fresh manure of any kind is used, crops such as carrots, parsnips, and turnips will fork and split, thereby losing much of their usefulness to the cook, as they are extremely wasteful when prepared.

The culture of all these crops is simple. Carrots can be grown all the year round in most of our districts, and can be used from the time they are about 1in. in diameter until mature. They store extremely well.

To ensure a continuous supply of tender roots, make successive sowings at two or three-week intervals until December. As the seed germinates rather poorly, it should be sown rather thickly and then thinned out when the plants are big enough to handle. Thinning can be done gradually, using the small roots for stews and soups. The final spacing should be roughly 6ins., which gives plants room to develop fair size. Rows should be about 12ins. apart to permit cultivation.

Best carrots to grow

THE best varieties of carrots for sowing are Red Core Chantenay, Scarlet Nantes, Manchester Table, St. Valery, and Intermediate.

Parsnips, although slow growers, have a definite place in the kitchen garden. They are hardy types of vegetables which, once established, need little more than clean cultivation. They are perhaps the only vegetable that is actually improved by freezing.

In the warmer parts of Australia parsnips can be grown the year round; need a soil that is naturally light and friable, or has been made so by the addition of plenty of humus, some sand, and the removal of clods, stones, and lumps of shale. Use fine, well rotted manure and commercial fertiliser when preparing the bed or row.

Sow seed rather thickly in rows 18ins. apart, and later thin to 9ins. apart. Cover with half an inch of finely sieved soil and press down firmly with a piece of flat board to compel seed to make contact with seedbed soil. Water well.

Table turnips do not thrive very well when sown in spring, but if White Nepaul variety is sown this month you'll obtain some good quality turnip-tops, which can be cooked and eaten like spinach. This sort of "green" is very tasty, and contains as much iron, or more, than good quality English spinach.

Please turn to opposite page

How to cook and serve vegetables

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

FLAVOR and food value can be sadly done to death in the kitchen.

To do justice to gardener and family take these tips to heart:

Eat 'Em Raw! Why? Because cool, crisp platters of raw garden-fresh salad vegetables are fine pick-ups; none better, in fact, for jaded hot-weather appetites. AND, of course, raw green, leafy and yellow vegetables supply important amounts of vitamins A and C and other vitamins needed daily—often lost in storage or cooking.

Daily menus should always include at least one service of raw fruit or vegetable.

Tomatoes are the second-best source of vitamin C (citrus fruit is the best source), and should be used to their fullest advantage in salads, sandwiches, and in breakfast or dinner appetisers.

Try these raw: Nests of finely shredded cabbage filled with chilled pear halves topped with sour milk cheese.

A star of lettuce wedges moistened with clear dressing, with a centre star of tomato wedges, sprinkled with freshly chopped mint.

Shredded raw carrot and parsnip mixed with hard-boiled eggs, moistened with mayonnaise and served in lettuce or tomato cups.

Grated turnip moistened with mayonnaise and spread on roast beef for club or small sandwiches or served with sliced roast beef.

Grated young raw beetroot served with shredded cabbage or raw cauliflower salad.

Raw cauliflowerets marinaded in spiced vinegar and served with veal or lamb salad.

Thinly sliced cucumber jellied with slivers of carrot and finely shredded outer lettuce leaves. Chill in flat dish and serve, cut in squares, with a fish mayonnaise.

Don't drown them!

VITAMIN C of vegetables and the mineral salts that give flavor as well as food value are water-soluble, and so can easily be lost if vegetables are cooked in water.

In cooking both roots and greens use just enough water in the saucepan to keep the vegetables from burning, and to keep steam rising through them. In an average size domestic pan one inch of water is usually enough. Keep the pan tightly lidded, forgetting the old rule of cooking greens with the lid off. Cook only until just tender crisp.

Shake the pan several times during the cooking.

Use the small amount of water remaining after cooking for chilled vegetable juice cocktails, for soups, sauces or stews.

Potatoes are best cooked whole in their scrubbed jackets.

Young vegetables, such as carrots and parsnips, need not be scraped.

Prepare other vegetables before cooking in the waterless way as follows:

Beans: String and slice as usual, and cook young beans whole.

Beetroot: Peel thinly and slice.

Cabbage: Shred finely.

Cauliflower: Break into cauliflowerets.

Corn: Cook on cob, but do not add any salt to the water, as this toughens the kernels.

Carrots: Slice into rings or match strips, or quarter or dice.

Parsnips: Quarter or slice.

Turnips: Slice thinly.

Marrow, Pumpkin, or Squash: Cut into service-sized pieces.

Spinach: Wash leaves, leaving whole, and cook only in water clinging to leaves.

Time of cooking varies between 7 minutes and 20 minutes.

Salting should be very light, and done just before draining.

Buttering, these days, appears an extravagance, but the use of a little butter with vegetables can be managed by the wise homemaker.

New serving ideas

VARIETY in vegetable service can be achieved not only by serving a mixture of vegetables, but by varying the method of finishing in the pot and presenting on the plate. Try these suggestions:

Bread Beans: Top with an onion sauce.

French Beans: Add a sprig or two of sage or marjoram during cooking.

Beetroot: Dice and serve hot, topped with hot mint sauce.

Broccoli: Top with hot salad dressing.

Cabbage: Add a little curry powder before serving.

Carrots: Sprinkle, before serving, with hot buttered crumbs (any fat will do) mixed with grated cheese.

Corn: Scramble the kernels with beaten eggs and milk.

Cauliflower: Top with a well-peppered parsley sauce.

Cucumber: Serve heated in spiced vinegar with chopped eschalot.

Egg Plant: Slice, sprinkle with salt, and stand two hours. Rinse, coat with beaten egg and crumbs, and fry.

Marrow: Stuff with minced meat or seasoned breadcrumbs and bake and serve with curried sauce.

Pumpkin: Bake and top with grated cheese and reheat for few minutes.

Parsnips: Cream with a few chopped chives.

Squash: Cook whole, scoop centre, stuff with bread seasoning or sausage-meat, and reheat.

Spinach: Top with an egg and cheese sauce.

Turnips: Cube, and mix with green peas and pearl onions.

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Pancakes are popular

● Many entries were received this week for pancakes. Two good savory suggestions win cash prizes in our recipe contest.

SAVORY mince pancake makes a good hot luncheon or supper dish, or it may be served with vegetable for dinner.

In the liver pancake dish the batter is poured over the diced liver mixture in the pan and the mixture served cut in squares.

The jam roly has a feather lightness cooked in milk, while the savory patties are good day starters.

MINCE FILLED PANCAKE

One tablespoon self-raising flour, ½ cup thick brown sauce or gravy, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup minced steak (as for minced steak for toast).

Mix cooked mince steak with the sauce or gravy (or with 1 teaspoon flour and ½ cup water), chopped parsley, season with salt and pepper, and simmer for five minutes. Sift flour, salt, and pepper into basin, make well in centre, add beaten egg, and mix to a smooth paste with wooden spoon; gradually stir in milk, mixing thoroughly. Slowly and evenly heat a dry omelette or frying pan, add butter, distribute evenly over pan, pour in batter, forming a thin layer, and cook until set on top and evenly browned underneath. Toss or turn and when second side is brown spread half the pancake with prepared mince, fold half over, lift carefully on to a hot serving dish, garnish with parsley sprigs and serve hot.

First Prize of £1 to E. Boardman, 2 Moyarta St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

JAM ROLY BAKED IN MILK

One heaped cup self-raising flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons jam, ¾ cup hot milk, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, lemon rind, sifted flour, and salt, mixing to a stiff paste. Roll out on floured board, 1in. thick. Spread with thin layer jam and form into a long roll. Place in a deep buttered fireproof dish and pour the hot milk over it. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. The roll will absorb all the milk when cooked. Sprinkle with icing sugar and serve with custard. Dates, raisins, or grated apple can be used in place of jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Thomas, 197 Pell St., Railway Town, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

SAVORY PATTIES

Two cups mashed potatoes (cooked), 2 cups minced corned meat (cooked), 1 cup grated cheese, 1 grated hard-boiled egg, cayenne pepper and salt, 1 egg.

Mix ingredients with an egg and make into small cakes. Roll in flour and dip in well-beaten egg. Fry quickly till brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Jen Mahaffey, 1 Balo St., Moree, N.S.W.

POTATO AND MINCE SCALLOP

One onion, little cooked meat, gravy, ½ teacup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon home-made chutney, seasoning, ¾lb. cooked potato, 1 gill milk, bacon fat or dripping.

Melt dripping in pan and cook chopped onion 5 minutes. Take off heat and add minced meat, gravy, breadcrumbs, chutney, and seasoning to taste. Stir well. Mash potato with seasoning and beat in milk. Place a layer of potato at the bottom of three greased scallop-cases and divide meat mixture between them. Make a border round the edge with the rest of potato and mark with a fork. Brush with melted butter or margarine and heat in a fairly hot oven, about 15 minutes. Serves three.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Day, 5 Hardy St., Bondi North, N.S.W.

THESE LOOK GOOD and are very inexpensive—potato and mince scallops. See recipe on this page.

CHOCOLATE ICED CAKE

Beat together ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ cup castor sugar. Add yolks of two eggs, add 1 cup self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk, the grated rind of an orange, and a squeeze of orange juice. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, add 2 tablespoons castor sugar, beat again, and, lastly, add 1 dessertspoon of cocoa. Put mixture into a well-greased tin and spread whites of eggs on top. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Little, 51 Long St., South Strathfield, N.S.W.

LIVER PANCAKE DISH

Two bacon slices, 1 egg, ½lb. liver (cut in slices), 1 gill milk, and 3oz. flour.

Wash liver, dry, cut in slices, then across into dice, cut bacon in strips.

Fry bacon crisp, place on one side in the pan, and fry liver for 5 minutes, season well.

Make a batter, while liver is cooking, with the egg and milk, stirring half of the liquid into the flour, when smooth, then add the rest of egg and milk.

Spread liver and bacon evenly in the pan, make it hot, pour in all the batter cook each side well. First cut the pancake in two, then turn; when cooked, serve in slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bell, 210 Hanson St., Adelaide.

ICED GINGER CAKE

Half pound flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½lb. shortening, ½lb. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, 1½ teaspoons ginger, 2 teaspoons cocoa.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, beat well, add milk, and then mixed dry ingredients. Bake about an hour in moderate oven.

Icing: Three-quarters cup brown sugar, ¾ cup crystal sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Combine sugar and milk and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil till a small quantity forms a soft lump when dropped in cold water. Add butter, leave to cool, and then beat till of spreading consistency.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. Huntington, St. Neots, Young, N.S.W.

YES, pancakes are popular in Hollywood, too. Above you see Virginia Field, RKO player, putting the finishing touches to a sweet pancake—sugar and lemon.

Be a digger in your backyard!

Continued from page 22

SWEET potatoes are an excellent summer root crop. Best varieties are Yellow Strasburg, Porto Rico, and Pink Porto Rico.

Only moderate fertility is necessary in the soil. Soil that has been well manured for cabbage or cauliflower suits the sweet potato.

The best method of raising them is to set out slips in ridges 6ins. high, about 3ft. apart. This is best done about the end of October in the cooler parts of the Commonwealth.

GREENS: Summer greens consist chiefly of silver beet or spinach beet, New Zealand spinach, a rather weedy plant, and cabbage.

Silver beet is a hardy plant that will last a couple of years if grown in rich, deep soil, properly cared for, and fairly friable. Moisture and liquid manure must be ample. Set out seedlings any time this month or next, in well-prepared rows about 9ins. apart.

A gross feeder, the cabbage and its cousin, the savoy, require ample manure and fertilisers in the soil. When the hearts begin to appear the gardener should feed with weak liquid fowl manure, or dilute sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda. Water must be amply supplied during hot weather.

MARROWS AND PUMPKINS: Marrows are one of the good old standbys during summer. Build up low mounds of manure, compost, and soil, sow six or eight seeds in each hill, and thin out to three when they germinate. Cut marrows early before they become too hard-skinned and mealy inside. The bush-marrow is the best type for the small garden.

Pumpkins and squashes are vegetables that last right through the winter if allowed to mature well on the vine. The small pound weight Table Queen squash is an excellent variety for small families, and next best is Improved Golden Hubbard, which is not so large as the Old Dark Green Hubbard. It is almost impossible to make the soil too rich for these gross-feeding cucurbits.

CUTEX
MANICURE

Cutex Nail polish is obtainable at all canteens of the Women's Services in Natural and Colourless only. Owing to war conditions there is a shortage of supplies for civilians. Keep the neck of the bottle free of polish and the cap screwed down tightly to make the polish last longer.

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★ In England, the Women's Royal Naval Service (Wrens) numbers well over 10,000. Some are typists, telephonists, clerks and caterers. Others, after training, become transport drivers, despatch riders, radio mechanics and operators, meteorologists, photographers. A few even man harbour motor-boats.

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JUST AROUND THE CORNER

. . . in a lovely, golden tomorrow, Alice will step into a *real* wonderland. A land where sumptuous velvets, soft satins, rich brocades (once reserved for the story-book princess) will be the right of every woman. Not perishable luxuries, too fragile for a world of human work and play, but lasting loveliness, exquisite and enduring.

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You have used a toothbrush bristled with *nylon.* You know it doesn't soften, split or shed. Think of the hairbrushes, clothes-brushes, household and industrial brushes of tomorrow.

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